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THE SECRET MOURNER.

I.

THEY bore him on to his grave in the heart
of the busy town;
And with furtive footsteps following, I watched
them lay him down:
The mourners, many and sad—though they
wept there one and all,
The tears that fell were as naught to mine,
that could not fall.

II.

We loved each other dearly, in a day that is
distant now;
But something got to his ear, and ~~he~~ suddenly
changed somehow—
A something got to his ear—I never could
gather what—
And he kept away from thence, and his love
for me was not.

III.

I hid my grief in my heart, and bore it as best
I might;
There was never darkness yet but had some
relieving light;
And I found a balm in the thought, that al-
though his love was gone,
I could follow him secretly, and in secret still
love on.

IV.

And this I've done through the years that
have come and gone since then
(So far the love of women surpasses the love
of men);
I've hung on his track to the last, for I only
ceased to-day,
As from his grave in the town I turned in my
woe away.

V.

Earth now looks lone in mine eyes, yet I am
not all cast down;
I have firm faith that at last I shall somewhere
grasp love's crown;
That when the end shall have come, whatever
is good and true
Will receive its just reward, and a love like
mine its due.

Chambers' Journal.

JAMES DAWSON.

A SUMMER MEMORY.

THE church was strange to me;
I never worshipped there before,
And it may hap that nevermore
Mine eyes that city fane will see,
Where, in the twilight, cool and grey,
That closed a sultry summer day,
I knelt apart and prayed for thee.

My heart was ill at ease;
For lo! thought I, I may not share
My dear one's hour of praise and prayer,
The solemn, blessed pause of peace,
That waits for all on hallowed ground,
When week-days' care and work-days' round
In Sabbath rest and calmness cease.

Yea, I was sore at heart;
But as I prayed my prayer for thee,
Belovèd, comfort came to me,
Soft healing to my cruel smart;
Deep peace was borne to me upon
The strain of praise that rose anon,
Wherein I, trembling, bore a part.

I think an angel spake
In the sweet pause that followed song:
Spake soft of love that suffered long,
Of faithful hearts that must not break,
Though life and fate be bleak and hard,
Though joy's bright doors be duty-barred;
And glad I listened for love's sake.

Dear heart, it is denied
To us to walk, as others may,
In winter dusk and summer day,
The world's wide pathways side by side;
But fate is limited: it parts
Our lives asunder; but our hearts,
Our souls, it never can divide.

Our voices may not blend
In singing any earthly strain;
And in our hearts some touch of pain
May linger, aching, to the end;
But we have work—a help divine—
And we have love, I thine, thou mine,
Love that doth all good comprehend.

So, comforted, I passed
With others through the ancient door;
And, though I worship nevermore
In that strange temple, close and fast
I hold the peace that came to me
That summer night I prayed for thee,
And hold love, too, while life shall last.

All The Year Round.

NOT VERY FAR.

NOT very far to happy hasting feet
The little stretch of land between our lives
In distance so diminutive, so sweet
To love that listens and to life that strides;
To fullest rest a little pausing bar—
Not very far!

And when my day is heavy, when all light
Fades from the time, and life is dull and
dim,
I think how little hides you from my sight,
And quaff a cup of joy full to the brim,
Thankful that I am living, since you are
Not very far!

World

From The National Review.
THE PROGRESS OF WEATHER STUDY.

ALTHOUGH, from its close connection with our every-day life, no question excites so much universal attention as the weather, there are few, if any other, subjects about which we know so little. Meteorology is now carefully studied in every civilized country, but it is far, very far, from being recognized as an exact science. Astronomers can tell us years in advance, almost to the second, the times of the occurrence of various celestial phenomena, but the most advanced meteorologist would not venture to stake his reputation on the question whether half an hour hence the sun will be shining or rain falling. The astronomer deals with the regular movements of worlds as a whole, the meteorologist with the vagaries of the subtle element which envelopes our own globe, and which so frequently upsets all our predictions and our hopes. Of course, it must be not supposed that with all the investigations which have been made into the movements of the atmosphere the world is none the wiser. Our knowledge of the physical laws has been very materially advanced within comparatively recent years, as will be shown presently. The official forecasts of the weather so familiar to every newspaper reader on both sides of the Atlantic are merely attempts, in response to the public demand, to make practical use of what has already been ascertained, and no one will more readily admit their want of perfection or more readily appreciate the enormous difficulties to be overcome, than those who, both in Europe and America, make it the business of their lives to study the weather.

That the daily forecasts are now much better than they were a few years ago seems to be generally admitted, although there was recently an attempt made to show that quite as good results could be obtained by drawing haphazard from a bag the prediction to be published for the day. But, so far as can be seen, there is nothing haphazard about the weather itself; it is governed strictly by harmonious laws, and it is in the interpretation of very minute and apparently indefinite or

conflicting indications that the officials go wrong. Some months ago, the *Times* bore testimony in one of its leaders "to the steadily growing value of the forecasts issued by the Meteorological Office;" and, curiously enough, while the English were thus being praised, the same issue contained a letter from the Naples correspondent casting ridicule on the vaticinations of Italian meteorologists. "Of so little service here," said he, "are the storm signals that are telegraphed that we generally invert the intelligence received, and for storm read instead calm, fine weather. . . . When a signal arrives it is received with derision, or with the exclamation, '*Ma fara bel tempo.*'" This is rather hard on the students of a most complicated subject, but it is not so many years ago that we might have heard somewhat similar opinions freely expressed in connection with the English forecasts and warnings.

Thanks to the advancing tide of education, the general public are undoubtedly taking greater and more intelligent interest in the question, and as condemnations are annually becoming fewer, and expressions of satisfaction more numerous, it is fair to assume that there has been no little improvement in the method of dealing with the information on which the officials base their forecasts. But of the millions who every morning instinctively turn over their newspapers to ascertain the latest indications, how many are there who give a thought to, or so much as suspect, the fact that the whole science of weather prediction as now practised is, so to speak, but a creation of yesterday? Forecasting has exercised the mind of man from the earliest times, long before barometers and thermometers were known, long before there was any idea of such things as cyclones and anti-cyclones, isobars, and isotherms. In the British Museum is to be seen an Egyptian papyrus almanac, showing that three thousand years ago attempts were made to foretell the weather of each day in the year much in the same way as has been done by those modern imitators, Old Moore, Zadkiel, Murphy, and a host of others. We need not here discuss the systems on which these popu-

lar prophets worked; suffice it to say that the weather forecasts of the present day are entirely different in character from those of past generations. The supposed influences of lunar phases, of conjunctions, quadratures, etc., of the heavenly bodies, and of particular saints, like St. Medard and St. Swithin, are altogether ignored. The subject is studied from quite another point of view, and ordinary readers have little conception of the complex nature of the investigations which have brought the science of meteorology to its present position, admittedly still a long way from perfection, but the progress has been substantial, and, considering the difficulties, rapid.

As space does not permit of our entering into details relating to the progress of all branches of meteorology, it will be sufficient to deal with the wind only. It is essential in preparing forecasts to have some idea of wind movements, the general weather depending in a great measure on the direction of the air currents. The perplexities of meteorologists are occasioned by the uncertainty as to the way in which the wind will change, and no inquiry is of such intense interest to the practical student as that of tracking these changes, and learning all about their peculiarities, the indications which precede and the results which follow changes, more especially in connection with storms.

The wind was for long a puzzle to the philosophers. We go back twenty-three centuries to find Democritus, in his physical theory of the universe, exercising his talents over the problem of What is wind? his conclusion being that it was the consequence of a struggle between the atoms of which he conceived the atmosphere to be constituted. Aristotle, Virgil, Ovid, and many others devoted some thought to the question, but practically no progress had been made down to the middle of the seventeenth century of the Christian era. The chief idea was that wind was exhaled from the ground, and came out "from the gulfs of the ocean and profoundest caverns of the earth. . . . From hence these subterranean storms break prison, to disturb the peace of the atmosphere and raise mutinies and commotions in the

whole body of the air," a belief which was not entirely dissipated at the close of last century, for it was still defended by the Rev. W. Jones, F.R.S., in his "Physiological Disquisitions," published in 1781, and Adams in his "Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy," published in 1799, was disposed to defend it on scriptural grounds. As De Foe said, "Those ancient men of genius who rifled nature by the torchlight of reason, even to her very nudities, have been run aground in this unknown channel; the wind has blown out the candle of reason and left them all in the dark."

It was in 1686 that Halley promulgated his theory of the trade winds and monsoons, improved half a century later by Hadley. The barometer had been discovered in 1643, and Pascal a few years later demonstrated by experiments on the Puy de Dôme that air was a ponderable fluid, but it cannot be said that much use was made of the barometer for nearly two centuries. In the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1698, Captain Langford refers to a storm he had experienced in the West Indies as "this hurricane or rather whirlwind," but there is nothing to show that he or any one else supposed the storm to be a vast cyclonic whirl. The great storm of November, 1703, in England was the first about which information was collected and discussed, and while no suggestion was made that it was a revolving storm, it was conjectured, on no other ground than that a gale had blown some days earlier in America, that it had travelled across the Atlantic; and De Foe, giving his imagination wings, pictured its advance from our own shores, across Holland to Muscovy and Tartary, until it was either exhausted in the snow of the Polar regions, or, surmounting all obstacles, continued on its journey across the North Pole, until it arrived again in the neighborhood in the interior of America where it was believed to have originated—a storm track which would have done credit to the boldest and most imaginative of modern meteorologists.

A chart published by Lewis Evans in Philadelphia in 1749 stated that American storms move from south-west to north-

east, a statement which we may safely attribute to Franklin, whose Letter 36 in his "Letters and Papers on Philosophical Subjects" shows that he had observed the fact of storms being a day later at Boston than in Virginia or Georgia. Evans personally has hitherto been credited as the discoverer of the fact, but from a consideration of available contemporary evidence it is abundantly clear that he was merely the publisher of Franklin's views. Beyond these ideas of De Foe and Franklin, remarkably little was done in advancing the knowledge of atmospheric laws during the eighteenth century. M. Romme suggested in 1793 that weather intelligence should be distributed throughout France by means of the optical telegraph, but nothing further was done, and the century closed with the study of wind and weather having made but the slightest progress since the days of Aristotle and Bacon. All the discoveries of any importance, as in most other sciences, were reserved for the present century. In 1801 there appeared a very good work on the winds and monsoons by Colonel Capper, a keen observer during his long journeys by sea and land in the service of the East India Company. He was the first to suggest that a knowledge of the whirlwind character of storms would be valuable to the mariner in manœuvring his ship to avoid the most dangerous gales, the wind changes being quicker nearer the worst part of the storm. But so slowly did knowledge travel that this work does not seem to have been known in New York thirty years later, at least no reference is made to it in the article from which it has been customary to reckon the beginning of the reformation in our views of wind movements.

The storm which crossed Connecticut and Massachusetts early in September, 1821, afforded an opportunity for W. C. Redfield to study many of its features, his investigation leading him to certain conclusions. The observations which he collected showed that the gale had come from the West Indies, skirting the American coast up to New York, then overland to Maine. Another hurricane occurred in August, 1830, and the information he ob-

tained showed the course followed to be much the same as in the previous case, but farther out at sea. Redfield's discussion of these two storms appeared in Silliman's *American Journal of Science* for April, 1831 (vol. xx.), the main objects of the article being "to point out the rotative or whirling character of the great storms which visit the Atlantic coast, their origin in the intertropical and temperate latitudes; the circuitous or semi-elliptical character of their several paths or orbits; the general uniformity of their courses through the tropical and temperate latitudes; and the obvious cause for the continued depression of the barometer which is found in the centrifugal influence of their rotary action." It is generally on these principles that our modern weather study is based. Not that Redfield's theories were immediately accepted; for a long time his conclusions were vigorously assailed by his own countrymen, Espy and Hare. Whether from the slowness with which news travelled or the indifference of the world at large, the important discoveries do not appear to have excited any interest on this side of the Atlantic for some years.

Riddle's standard treatise on navigation, published in 1831, dismissed such an all-important question to mariners as the wind with a few remarks on the trades, and only a single paragraph on extra-tropical winds. "Beyond the limits to which the trade winds extend, the winds are so variable that all attempts to deduce the laws by which they are governed have hitherto been unsuccessful; westerly winds, however, are observed to be, on the whole, most frequent." In the summer of 1834, three years after Redfield's remarks had been published, an article in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* dealt with the subject of winds as if nothing new had been discovered for a century, no reference being made to the suggestions of Capper and Redfield. The first two editions of Raper's "Practice of Navigation," published respectively in 1840 and 1842, contained no notice whatever of winds, on the ground, as stated in the preface, that "the general information is necessarily too vague to be effectual in

shaping the [ship's] course." But, *tempora mutantur*, any one interested in a particular subject can now ascertain weeks or months beforehand what books are to be published, and sometimes even know their general purport, especially scientific works. Our fathers were at a very great disadvantage in this respect; a long time elapsed before they were aware that any particular work was in circulation, and we must consequently make every allowance for their apparent ignorance.

Redfield, however, had successfully set the meteorological ball rolling, slowly no doubt at first, but gathering in volume as time went on. Colonel (afterwards Sir) William Reid arrived in Barbadoes soon after the dreadful hurricane which swept the West Indies in 1831, and as an engineer officer he was engaged for two years and a half in repairing the enormous damage which it had caused. Fortunately, he came across a copy of Redfield's first paper, and he at once set to work collecting data relating to tropical storms, the results of his extensive inquiries being embodied in his valuable treatise on the "Development of the Law of Storms," a brief summary of which was communicated to the British Association at its Newcastle meeting in 1838. It was clear, from his researches, that storms could no longer be looked upon as an incomprehensible jumble of winds from all directions at once "outrageously insulting each other," but a symmetrical eddy in the atmosphere whirling round a central space, the eddy as a whole at the same time having a progressive movement along a fairly well-defined path. Reid had confined his investigation to storms in the northern hemisphere, where he found that, without exception, the wind revolved in a contrary direction to that of the hands of a clock. Reasoning from the facts before him, he concluded that in the southern hemisphere this direction of rotation would be reversed, and it has since been repeatedly proved that he was perfectly correct; for on the southern side of the equator no storm has been known to revolve other than with clock hands. Having ascertained thus much, it became possible to formulate rules for the guidance of mariners overtaken by storms in any part of the world; and it may with truth be said that the discovery robbed even the most violent hurricanes of much of the danger which had previously been associated with them. By intelligently

interpreting the rules, a captain was no longer powerless when a gale sprung up; ships can not only be manoeuvred to keep clear of the dangerous centre, but frequently the gale can be made use of to speed the vessel on the desired course.

Admiral Beaufort, whose name is handed down to us as the author of the numerical scale still used for measuring the relative strength of the wind, missed a grand opportunity for originating the most satisfactory method of discussing weather systems on an adequately comprehensive scale. In a letter to Sabine, dated September 11, 1833, with reference to the gale of 1826, he wrote:—

It would be very interesting to trace the limits and the curvilinear course of some of our storms. . . . I have often intended, if I could ever have found a week's leisure, to take all the journals that could be found in the Office (the Admiralty) for some years of the last war, when the seas were covered with our ships, and make a series of charts showing the direction of the wind across the Atlantic, etc., for certain hours through the day.

Apparently the admiral never found the requisite leisure, and the first idea of preparing synchronous charts was shelved for another quarter of a century.

It must be remembered that all the earlier investigators were content with discussing the storm-field only; they collected the notices of ships reporting bad weather, and did not concern themselves with the fine weather beyond. Had Beaufort acted upon his frequent intention, we should probably have advanced much beyond the point we have now reached, because he would have discovered that it was quite as necessary to study the surrounding conditions as those within the limited area of a storm. They act and react upon each other, the fine weather distribution having its influence on the violence and on the path of the storm which skirts it.

The subject had at last taken firm root in several directions. Dove at Berlin, Loomis in America, Piddington at Calcutta, and Thom at Mauritius, are among the most renowned of the earlier workers after Redfield and Reid; Piddington being the first to suggest the name cyclone as indicating the rotating character of the wind in a storm. The unexpected success which had attended the efforts to discover the laws of the wind soon led to proposals for making use of the information. In 1842 Kreil thought that weather reports could be transmitted by

telegraph throughout Austria, and Redfield suggested, in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* for September, 1846, that the approach of a gale to the Atlantic ports may be made known by means of the electric telegraph. The Smithsonian Institution seems to have collected reports after this, but no storm warnings were issued. At the Swansea meeting of the British Association in 1848, the late Mr. John Ball read a paper "On Rendering the Electric Telegraph Subservient to Meteorological Research," pointing out that intelligence as to the state of the atmosphere could be received instantaneously from nearly all the extremities of Great Britain, in about four hours from Ireland, and in less time from the Continent as far east as Hungary and Poland, and it was thought that on such information the weather of the succeeding twenty-four hours could be predicted. Forty years later this is what meteorologists are endeavoring to do but, it must be confessed, with only qualified success. Daily weather telegrams from different parts of the country were posted up at the Exhibition of 1851 for public inspection, but no attempts were made to predict what was to follow. Weather forecasting on scientific principles was not such an easy thing as appears to have been supposed; much required to be done before anything could possibly be accomplished in that direction. On the ground of expense alone, it was evident that it was not a matter which could be successfully carried out by private means. It was therefore urged upon our own and upon several foreign governments that the weather was a subject which could only be satisfactorily studied at the public expense, and the outcome of the claims put forward on behalf of meteorology by the British Association and kindred societies was the institution of official departments in Holland, France, and England early in the second half of the century.

In England the meteorological department was first started as a branch of the Board of Trade, the primary object being the collection of marine data for the immediate purpose of gaining an insight into the conditions prevailing over all oceans, and to bring the facts to the notice of seafarers as soon as possible. Admiral FitzRoy was appointed director of the new establishment. The gallant seaman threw all his energy and enthusiasm into the work. Following the conference on marine meteorology, held at Brussels in 1853,

the Board of Trade had issued special log-books and instruments to ship captains willing to keep a regular record of the changes, several times a day, throughout voyages to all parts of the world. From a study of these registers, FitzRoy soon discovered that to advance our knowledge of atmospheric laws it was necessary to discuss observations made at the same moment of time by many observers scattered over a wide area. His views on the subject, contained in his report to the president of the Board of Trade in March, 1857, are so interesting as to be well worth reproduction, being, in fact, the real origin of the method now adopted everywhere in tracing the march of weather changes.

As one illustration of what might be speedily effected by combination, a portion of a plan is submitted, which, if fully executed, would throw a light on the atmospheric changes over the British Isles and their vicinity, which has been unattainable hitherto. I refer to ascertaining the simultaneous states of the atmosphere at certain times, remarkable for their extreme and sudden changes, at very numerous stations, on land as well as at sea, within an area comprised between the parallels of 40° and 70° north, and the meridians of 10° east longitude and 30° west.

For each selected time (referred to one meridian) a chart should be compiled of the atmosphere within these limits; and from such charts a great amount of information, practically as well as scientifically useful, might be derived. Their intercomparison might tend to show the course, progress, and nature of those changes which now seem so uncertain and cause so much anxiety to farmers and travellers, as well as to those most interested, who are concerned in navigation or fishery; scientific men would obtain facts immediately applicable to theories of wind and weather, and to a more distinct elucidation of the nature and progress of atmospheric waves.

Nowadays there are few who do not believe that storms come to us from America, but little more than thirty years ago the following was FitzRoy's view:—

Ideas have prevailed that cyclones crossing our islands have travelled far, even across the Atlantic, from the south-west. Plausible theories and elaborate diagrams have been published—intended to show how cyclones had travelled—not only across the Atlantic Ocean from near the West Indies, but (having there altered their course, or recurved) actually all the way from the coast of Africa. That such storms do travel, like eddies, a considerable distance, during two, three, or even four days, has been demonstrated, but any further extension of their progress has not hitherto been satisfactorily proved.

The scheme having been approved, preparations were made to carry it out, and the necessary information and instruction to observers had only just been distributed when the country was visited by the storm which caused the loss of the Royal Charter on October 25th, 1859. The material collected enabled the authorities to prepare a series of charts for the end of October and beginning of November, but the charts which were published extended only to the longitude of 15° west, or scarcely out of sight of the Irish coast, so that we are only shown this memorable storm as it existed in our immediate neighborhood. But, however limited the area discussed, we must look upon it as the first attempt to deal systematically with a very intricate question, and as such, with all its shortcomings, it formed a most important step in the right direction, leading to the institution, in February, 1861, of the world-renowned storm-warnings with which FitzRoy's name will ever be associated. Professor Buys Ballot had proposed a system of weather signals before the Dutch Academy in October, 1857; the plan was adopted, and the signals were first exhibited in Holland in June, 1860, but there was little or no resemblance between the English and Dutch warnings, and although the Dutch still adhere to their arrangements, modified forms of FitzRoy's system have become all but universal.

We may reckon the Royal Charter storm as the beginning of a new era in meteorological research. No doubt a great deal of general information is to be obtained from the discussion of the average conditions deduced from the accumulated observations of many years, but for practical purposes averages would be entirely misleading in the case of weather sequences, as an average storm area or an average fine-weather area has probably not the remotest resemblance to actual fact. The more the question is investigated, the clearer does it become that every change of weather has to be dealt with on its own merits. An extension of FitzRoy's method of charting the daily conditions shows that the weather at any place is largely influenced by what prevails over a more or less extensive region of the earth's surface. The laws which Redfield and Reid had found to be applicable to the weather within the very restricted limits of the storm-field are found to be universally true in all kinds of weather.

The same year that storm-warnings were first issued to our coasts, M. Le Verrier proposed that the principal maritime nations should undertake the discussion of the meteorology of the great oceans by means of synoptic charts. Of course, in such a scheme France was to be allotted the most favorable scene of action—the North Atlantic, while England was to play third or fourth fiddle in the Indian Ocean. The result was that France was left to her own selected sphere, while nothing was done elsewhere. Le Verrier had daily charts prepared from a few scattered observations, showing the general conditions over a great part of Europe and the Atlantic for eighteen months, from June, 1864, to December, 1865, afterwards published in the "*Atlas des Mouvements généraux de l'Atmosphère*."

On January 28, 1870 the steamship City of Boston left Halifax, and was never afterwards heard of. Shipping intelligence indicated that the weather over the northern part of the Atlantic had been very severe about this time, and the Meteorological Committee of the Royal Society (the department was now independent of the Board of Trade) decided upon attempting the discussion of the conditions which prevailed between Europe and America during the eleven days ending February 8, 1870. Observations were received from fifty-six ships, the exceedingly stormy character of the weather being clearly demonstrated. In concluding the discussion, Captain Toynbee expressed the opinion that for a thorough examination of the meteorology of the district it was necessary to have a larger number of observers than had been available hitherto.

Again, in August, 1873, a destructive hurricane swept the coasts of Newfoundland. There were reasons for believing that it was the same storm which had previously visited the West Indies and Bermuda, and the Meteorological Committee once more thought it desirable to collect facts relating to the changes over Europe, the whole of the North Atlantic, and a great part of America for the entire month. The logs of nearly three hundred ships were received, less than one-half this number being available on any one day. The evidence seemed to point to the storm having originated near the Cape Verde Islands, thence travelling by the West Indies, round Bermuda to Newfoundland and across to Ireland, Scotland, and Scandinavia, a track which FitzRoy

a few years before was inclined to doubt. Several very important conclusions resulted from this discussion, which formed a distinct advance on the earlier works.

The Meteorological Institute of Copenhagen, under the direction of Captain Hoffmeyer, then commenced a long series of daily charts, beginning with September, 1873, which have been carried on with but short intervals down to the present time. Since Hoffmeyer's death the work has been carried on chiefly at the Deutsche Seewarte, at Hamburg, under Dr. Köppen, who has written elaborately on the principal features exhibited during several years in succession in the *Annalen der Hydrographie und Maritimen Meteorologie*.

A similar series of daily charts was also carried on for many years by the chief signal officer of the United States army at Washington, but for all the oceans of the globe the observations were never sufficiently numerous; at one time they reached a total of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, and the results consequently were of a very general nature.

From time to time the cyclones of the Bay of Bengal and the typhoons of the China Sea have been investigated, and in the southern hemisphere Dr. Meldrum, of Mauritius, has for many years labored to trace the cyclones of the past forty years.

It was from the knowledge gained by these and other similar discussions that, after a few years, meteorologists felt that they might utilize the daily telegraphic reports in endeavoring to predict the changes of ordinary weather from day to day, as well as issuing warnings for occasional storms. There is no pretence that the official forecasts are infallible, but they are now infinitely better than they were when they were first started, and perhaps no better justification of this can be given than the independent returns of the farmers during the hay harvest season of 1889, which show that eighty-nine per cent. of the forecasts specially issued for their benefit were justified, the "total percentage of success" in seven out of the eleven districts represented ranging from ninety to ninety-five. It is said of one who had ordered a daily supply of the forecasts for the hay harvest of the recent wet summer, that after three weeks he countermanded the order on the ground that the unfavorable predictions were only too true. He probably associated the wretched weather with the existence of the forecasts; but it would be rash to suppose that the cli-

mate has degenerated because we are endeavoring to learn all nature's secrets.

Meteorologists, however, are far from satisfied with what they already know. All who understand anything of the subject will admit that the progress made thus far has been substantial, and be hopeful of still greater discoveries in the future. The several discussions before alluded to are looked upon merely as indicating in what direction to improve subsequent investigations, and it was on this enlightened principle that the Meteorological Council, in the spring of 1882, decided upon making the occasion of the International Circumpolar Expeditions, which were expressly arranged to carry out extensive series of scientific observations round the North Pole during thirteen months from August 1st, 1882, to August 31st, 1883, a special one for the investigation of the meteorology of the North Atlantic on a scale hitherto unattempted. Some four hundred ships recorded observations for each day, and in addition there were about as many stations ashore in Europe, Africa, and America, so that the prevailing conditions between San Francisco and Moscow could be taken in at a glance. Space does not permit of entering into details as to the many interesting features which were brought to light; the variations in the extent, shape, and rate of travelling, etc., of storm areas; the importance of anti-cyclones, or fine-weather systems, in modifying and regulating the movements of storms; the part played by the meeting of the cold Arctic current and the warm Gulf Stream near the Great Banks of Newfoundland in developing storm energy, and numerous other points. The writer of this article having collected a quantity of data bearing upon the meteorology of the North Pacific Ocean in September and October, 1882, was, with the aid of these Atlantic charts, enabled to trace a typhoon stage by stage from the Philippine Islands across the Pacific, America, and the Atlantic to Europe, a distance of about fourteen thousand miles, the journey occupying thirty-six days, high mountain ranges offering less resistance to its progress over land than other weather systems offered to its advance over the level sea surface.

The specially prepared charts of the Atlantic for 1882-83, successful as they were beyond expectation, are not considered to have disposed finally of all doubts and perplexities. The Americans are now about to try their skill in advancing

our knowledge of the physics of the globe another stage or two. In connection with last December's solar eclipse, the United States steamship *Pensacola* cruised in the neighborhood of the African coast for about eight months, and the Hydrographic Department at Washington is making special efforts to secure the co-operation of the commanders of all vessels not only in the North but also in the South Atlantic, and along the west coast of South America, so that full particulars of the various weather elements or of any one of them may be supplied for each day at Greenwich noon, from October 1st, 1889, to May 31st, 1890. It is proposed to prepare charts showing the recorded facts between latitude 70° north and 60° south, and longitude 20° east and 100° west, daily for eight months. In a work of this magnitude every single observation is valuable, but a paucity of data renders either the whole or particular portions of the results misleading, and it is to be hoped therefore that every shipmaster will endeavor to contribute something to the work; for, after all, navigators benefit as much as, or more than, landsmen by the conclusions arrived at.

In the foregoing summary of what has been done and is contemplated, it has not been possible to mention every worker and every attempt at unravelling the mysteries which have always surrounded the weather, but sufficient has been said to show that until within sixty years ago practically nothing was known of the causes of atmospheric changes and the laws which regulate them. For nearly thirty years the subject was in the hands of a few individuals who worked independently of each other, but whose discoveries led eventually to the official recognition of meteorological study as a national institution; and since the establishment of special departments, designed to exhaustively investigate atmospheric phenomena ashore and afloat, great strides have been made in elucidating the governing features of our erratic weather. Probably there are many who think that the progress achieved in the past thirty years has not been commensurate with the cost, but it should be borne in mind that while we can take samples of pure air, of fog, rain, snow, etc., and analyze them, we cannot bottle up a whole weather system, or raise a storm at pleasure, regulate it in all its details so as to permit us to examine closely into every feature, and then as easily dissipate its violence. Actual

weather must be studied as it exists in the free and unfettered atmosphere, utterly beyond human control, and it is only by dealing with the facts that we can hope to extend our ideas.

The older investigators each argued on his own particular work; one found the storm he had examined to be practically circular, another dropped on one which gave unmistakable evidence of the wind drawing spirally into the centre, a third found winds blowing straight towards the centre, and so on. All were confident of the correctness of their own results, but there was little disposition on any side to admit that all could be right. With more extensive experience, we now see that each of them had observed facts, for storm areas are of an infinite variety of shapes, circular, oval, elliptical, lemniscated, etc., and even in the same storm the wind may follow a truly circular curve in one quarter, a spiral curve in another part, and elsewhere in a straight line towards the centre.

A storm is not a violent aerial commotion, which depends upon itself for the energy it exhibits. It is probably wholly dependent upon surrounding conditions for its existence, and, according as these are favorable or otherwise, so the cyclone as a body moves rapidly or slowly, now in this direction, now in that; and the force of the wind varies much in the same way. While the centre of the hurricane field is indicated by a lower barometer than is met with on the outskirts, the absolute height of the mercurial column has nothing to do with the existence of a gale. Sometimes we have very rough weather when the barometer stands unusually high, and calm, quiet conditions when it is very low. By projecting the simultaneous observations over a wide district, on a map, the approximate cause of this apparent anomaly is seen to be the relation which exists between the height of the barometer at neighboring stations. The more nearly alike the readings, irrespective of their being high or low, the weaker is the strength of the wind, and conversely, the greater the difference between the barometers the stronger the winds.

These are some of the main features which meteorologists endeavor to interpret in advance; the shape and size of a disturbance, its rate and direction of motion, and the intensity of the barometric gradient or difference of readings. If these essentials could be correctly estimated, the forecaster could say what winds

will be felt in certain districts, and whether strong or light in force. But it frequently happens that a disturbance which is travelling steadily in one direction for hours or days suddenly pulls up and goes off on quite another track, and the forecasts are then wrong for several districts, or perhaps for the entire kingdom. It is a matter of common observation that the rain predictions are the least satisfactory; it is seldom they are absolutely correct as to quantity. Anticipated light showers turn out to be persistent tropical downpours, and when the conditions seem favorable to heavy rain, we at times experience either very little or none at all.

To all these complicated points the closest attention continues to be given, in the hope that eventually the laws which govern them may be thoroughly mastered and the problems of weather prediction be very considerably simplified. At present the wide Atlantic is a great obstacle to the perfecting of English forecasts, but with the ever-increasing speed of steamships the time is not far distant when it will be possible to institute a system of information as to the state of the weather over the eastern half of the ocean, which can be despatched by telegraph to London from the north and south of Ireland in time to enable the officials to forestall the advent of every disturbance of importance. It is to the study of synchronous weather-charts we are indebted for the progress which has hitherto been made in this most abstruse of subjects, and, profiting by past experience, it is to an improved and more comprehensive system of similar charts that we must look for any considerable extension of our knowledge in the future. In connection with this very promising field of scientific research one point deserves to be mentioned. Many foreign universities and colleges have for years had meteorological professorships attached to them, with most encouraging results. As yet such an addition to our own centres of learning does not appear to have been contemplated, but there seems to be no valid reason why in this respect we should be so much behind in the race. The British Empire, with its vast territories in every continent and embracing every variety of climate between tropical heat and polar cold, offers almost boundless opportunities for the theoretical and the practical investigation of atmospheric phenomena, but for such work we require the assistance of trained minds rather than that of chance amateur observers.

HY. HARRIES.

From Temple Bar.

"EH, BUT IT'S QUEER ALTOGETHER."

A SHORT STORY.

BY MARY H. TENNYSON.

AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS—ACCORDING TO ENGLISH NOVELISTS," "THE VANISHING TICKET," ETC.

It was a curious muddle altogether, so curious that the principal actor in it accepted the situation as it stood, having quite wit enough to perceive the utter inutility of making any effort to set the matter straight. This is how it really was.

On a certain evening in midwinter, in a poor cottage whose little patch of garden stretched down to the side of the high-road, there sat an aged woman. Her face was hard and careworn, and there was a fierce pucker between the heavy, iron-grey brows, and lines by the side of the mouth which might have been cut with a sculptor's chisel. She was scrupulously clean and neat, however, as was the room and every homely object it contained. Even the rough oak press which stood against the wall had been rubbed until its sharp corners had attained a polish.

The little place would have been comfortable and cosy enough if it had not been that only a handful of fire flickered feebly in the ample grate, telling a tale of dire distress, for coals are cheap in these Midland colliery districts, and only they who are very severely gripped by poverty need suffer cold as well as hunger.

The old woman had a worn shawl around her, but even then her fingers were so numbed that the task she was employed upon became doubly difficult. She was writing a letter, and as she formed the cramped characters, her face grew sterner, and the lines around her mouth harder and more uncompromising.

For more than an hour she labored painfully on, and then, pushing the sheet of paper from her, she rubbed her aching eyes with her rough, coarse hand, and muttered:—

"There, that's done, it was a weary job, and I'm well-nigh tired out. I told parson as I wouldn't write to him, for I could see plain enough parson was thinking more of his rates and taxes than he was of me; not but what it would be a sinful shame for a hard-working, decent woman as I've ever been, to end my days in the 'house,' while I've got a great hulking son living on the fat of the land. But I don't's'pose as writing will do any good—Jim's been a bad lot always. From a child he was given over to wicked ways. I did my best to beat 'em out of him, but he wanted a stronger arm than mine, else he wouldn't

have been in gaol afore he was eighteen for poaching."

Pulling the letter towards her, holding it close to the tallow candle, the old woman peered at it with her dim eyes, and, in a harsh, grating undertone, read as follows. The letter was ill-spelt, and expressed in the local dialect of the county. To render myself intelligible, however, I must make the characters in this drama of real life speak English as it is universally understood. The epistle commenced abruptly:

"I am writing to you, Jim, because, I think as you ought to know that the whole village is crying shame upon you for letting your old mother go to the workhouse at seventy years. Your father died when you was but four, and till you was old enough to do for yourself, I slaved early and late to keep a home for you, and a bit for you to eat. I did my duty by you, and I've done my duty straight and right by every one. Now I can work no longer, and I must go to the 'house' because I've got a bad son who thinks of no one but himself. I can't earn nothing, and I owe two pound ten shillings, and the landlord's agent says he will sell me up on Monday unless I pay. It hurts me as my mother's oak press should be put up to be bid for, and the old copper kettle, too; but there, you won't care for that. I don't suppose as how you'll feel it any disgrace to have your mother on the parish, but I wish as I'd died three year ago; I had enough in the old tin mug on the shelf to bury me then, and to have cut my name on your father's stone in the graveyard, too. Now I've nothing — just a basketful of coals, and a bit of bread and cheese, that's all. I heard from a pedlar man as come by here two months ago, that you was working at one of the pits near Wigan, but he said if I wanted to write to you, I had better send my letter to the Pick and Shovel beer-house, that you was there most nights. I knew that was the truth right enough — you was always just the sort of chap to smoke and drink while your mother starved. So I shall send this letter to the master of the Pick and Shovel, and he'll give it you, I s'pose. I should be ashamed as the neighbors knew I was writing to beg of my own son after all these years. Mrs. Toms at the post-office is a rare gossip, besides, I told parson as I wouldn't write. There, that's all I've got to say. This is Friday, on Monday they'll turn me out, and I must go to the 'house,' for I won't be beholden to the

neighbors for nothing. I've always held my head up high with them.

"Your mother,
"SARAH MORTON."

The old woman folded the letter, and having pressed a heavy steel thimble upon its untidy wax seal, gathered her thin shawl closely together and sat down with her feet on the hearth, stretching her shaking cold hands towards the feeble flame.

"He won't help me," she muttered, "and I'm a fool to send the letter; it's close on fifteen year since I heard aught of him. Aye, its fifteen year come March since he walked bang out of the cottage and up the highroad, because I spoke my mind to him when he come out of gaol. Well, I'm about weary of life, if I could only die afore Monday, but that's not likely; my father and mother were ninety odd afore they died, but they didn't come upon the parish, no, nor any one else belonging to me."

And then the bent shoulders began to heave, and one or two tears forced themselves from the hard eyes, and trickled slowly down the furrowed cheeks.

Presently she rose, and taking her old bonnet from its peg, reached her hand for a thick stick and opened the door.

"It's rarely dark for eight o'clock," she murmured with a shiver; "well, I am glad of it, nobody will notice me to-night, I wouldn't for a sovereign have any of the folk know that I had posted this letter. To beg of one's own son is a hard pill to swallow."

At noon the following day, Saturday, January 9th, 188-, there were assembled together in the taproom of the Pick and Shovel tavern a very brutal and alarming-looking group of men. In fact, a nervous pedestrian meeting one of them in that desolate road known as Wigan Lane, would have given him a very wide berth indeed, for Wigan Lane is not in good repute, having on several occasions been the scene of tragedies in which robbery was the object, and a stout pair of clogs the instrument.

It was evident that these men all followed the same calling and worked in one of the adjacent coal-pits, but this morning they were taking a holiday apparently, and a thoroughly lazy crew they looked as they lounged about in various uncouth attitudes, pipes in their mouths, glasses of whiskey at their elbows, and their clog-

shod feet stretched out in front of them upon the sanded floor.

At length one of them rises, and going to the roaring fire, kicks impatiently with his clog an enormous lump of coal.

"Jim's late," he mutters savagely, "what's he doing of, I wonder?"

"He's a brushing of that there blessed dawg, I expect," replies another. "Eh! it's queer the trouble he takes with the brute, not but what it's a fine beast. Muddle-head as he is, Jim knows a good dawg, and can train him well, too."

The dirty door, with the prints upon it of innumerable grimy fingers, opened here, and there slouched into the room a hulking, powerfully built man of about two-and-thirty years of age. At the first glance he appeared as forbidding an object as the worst among the callous, degraded group, for he was, if anything, more untidy and dirty in his attire than they, and the repulsiveness of his aspect was increased by the fact that his thick hair was of a vivid red, while his waxy, unhealthy complexion told a tale of unwholesome work and intemperate living. His jaw, too, was even more prominent than that of the others, and his forehead a trifle more receding, but the mouth and eyes were curiously out of keeping with the rest of the face. The lips were generally parted, and the lines around indicated weakness and vacillation of character, while in the light-grey eyes there shone a dazed expression which made the cognomen "muddle-head" appear a very appropriate one.

At his heels there followed closely a prick-eared, sharp-eyed bull-terrier, with a liver-colored patch upon its shoulder, and a creamy, satiny coat, which appeared almost startlingly white in such murky surroundings.

With a short nod and a gruff, muttered salutation, Jim Morton threw himself heavily into a chair. Immediately the dog settled itself upon its haunches between its master's knees, and, laying its chin upon the grimy fustian trousers, fixed its intelligent, bright eyes lovingly upon the man's heavy, hopeless countenance. A scarcely perceptible answering glimmer came into the confused eyes, and a coarse-grained, dirty hand was laid upon the sleek, creamy head, at which mark of attention the pricked ears lowered themselves, and the stump of a tail beat a muffled tattoo upon the floor.

"Well, Jim, thee's kept us waiting, what has thee to say for thyself?"

"Nothing," was the surly rejoinder, "the dawg wasn't properly dry, and I

wasn't going to bring him afore the damp was out of his skin."

"Well, how's luck with you, man? will the master take you on again?"

"No, he won't."

"Then how are you going to live?"

"I dunno."

"You'd better sell Spot, Jim. I'll give you three pound for him, and pay you straightaway."

A slight flush crept into Jim Morton's pale face, and the great hand that lay upon the table clenched itself.

"If you want to keep a whole head on your shoulders, don't say another word about the dawg, Bill Smith," was the slow reply; and after that there was silence for a minute.

"Well, are you coming on, Jim Morton? the rats are ready, and so are we."

"Not till I've had a drink, anyway." And laying his hand once more upon Spot's head, Jim relapsed into his former state of apathy.

He did not look round when the landlord came noisily into the room, but when the man neared him, to his surprise, instead of the expected glass, there was put into his fingers a dirty crumpled envelope.

"What's this?" he said stupidly, "I don't want this."

"That's like enough, Jim Morton, but it's been sent to you."

"Who's it from?"

"I dunno, the postmark was all smeared. It's from your young woman, most like."

There was a general laugh at this. The idea of muddle-headed Jim Morton going a-courting!

"Well, there's your love-letter, and here's your whiskey. It's the last you'll get from me, my lad, unless you pay up."

The landlord left the room, and the men in various stages of impatience looked on while Jim awkwardly opened the envelope and spread the closely written page out upon the deal table. A smothered exclamation escaped him as the first word met his eyes, and then, supporting his head upon his hands, he read the letter from beginning to end.

For five minutes after he had finished he sat there motionless, then he took his right hand from his head and, without looking round, stretched it down towards the floor. At once a cold nose was thrust into it, and, still without looking round, Jim began softly stroking the sleek head and patting the well-covered ribs. There was a strange, fluttering sensation in his breast, and almost a scared expression in

his eyes when at last he rose and faced the impatient men.

"Bill Smith," he said, speaking very thickly, as if he found a difficulty in forming the words, "Bill Smith, I'll take thy offer of three pound for the dawg."

"Lord, man! you don't mean it!"

"Yes," Jim continued, pushing the dog from him with a slight shiver, "I'll sell Spot if you'll buy him and give me your word as you'll treat him well."

"Well, if that don't beat all as ever I heerd on! Why, five minutes ago he was ready to give me a clout on the head for thinking of such a thing."

"Ah, but that was afore he got his girl's letter," cried a coarse young ruffian; "I bet he's got to send the money to her, and sarve him right, too. Here, Jim Morton, let's have a look at what she's got to say."

But the young lout quickly had reason to repent his jocularly, a well-planted blow knocked him over, and, amid the laughter of his companions, he skulked out of the room.

"Well, Bill Smith," Jim went on with a quaver in his voice, "What do you say, is the dawg to be yourn?"

"If you'll take two pun ten for him, not unless."

"You said three pound just now," was the hoarse reply.

"Aye, and you refused it. Now I say two pun ten, and not a penny more."

Jim Morton turned away and thrust his hand into his trousers pocket. He pulled out a few coins and counted them over.

"A shilling and a ha'penny," he muttered, "I must walk it then, and it's a matter of sixty mile or thereabout; well, if I start now, I shall get there middle day on Monday, they won't turn her out, surely, till the afternoon, such a decent woman as she."

With a hard sigh that was almost a groan, Jim crumpled the letter up and flung it into the fire, and then stretching out his hand, with a ghastly look in his light grey eyes, he muttered:—

"Give me the money, Bill Smith, the dawg's yourn."

There was something in the aspect of the man so inexpressibly mournful and forlorn that even those callous hearts were touched. Pulling a filthy canvas bag from his pocket, Bill Smith counted out the money, saying less harshly than usual, "There, lad, there's the coin, mayhap some day you may be able to buy the cretur back again."

A gleam came into the dim eyes, and

Jim's grimy hand trembled as he clutched the other man by the arm.

"Bill Smith, if I can pay you three pound ten for that dawg, will you let me have him?"

"Yes, for certain, if you send me the money within three months."

Taking a chain from his pocket, Jim fastened it to Spot's collar, and bestowing upon the whimpering creature a farewell pat, put the heavy links into Bill's hand.

"Don't be hard on him if he frets for a bit," he muttered, "and tie him up for a day or two, until he's forgotten me." And then, without another word, Jim Morton walked out of the room, and, breathing heavily, stamped through the outer bar and into the road, Spot's fierce yelps and cries, as he struggled with the chain, pursuing him far down the street.

"I shall have hard work to get there in time," he murmured to himself, "the snow makes the roads heavy, and I'm not in good fettle; but I must do it somehow. Mother, she did well for me when I was a young un, and may be there wasn't nothing in me that she could love."

Here Jim Morton stopped abruptly, and a look of horror came into his forlorn eyes. He was tramping down a mean, poverty-stricken street, the road was narrow, and a few wan children were playing in the slushy, begrimed snow. Just in front of him was a little lad of about three years of age, the child was stooping, and utterly unconscious of the fact that advancing towards him was a heavy van, the horses of which were quite beyond the driver's control.

For an instant Jim glared at the approaching danger, and then he flung himself before the terrified horses, and dragged the child from under their very feet. Escaping himself almost by a miracle, he staggered on to the uneven pavement, and, still holding the screaming child tightly in his arms, stopped a minute to recover his breath.

In another moment the van had disappeared, and as it turned the corner the mother of the child, attracted by its piercing cries, came out of the house and discovered it struggling in Jim's arms.

The woman knew the man well by sight and repute—in fact Jim Morton and his rat-killing bull-terrier were the cause of not a few connubial quarrels of a very forcible character in that low quarter of the town, the women apparently being incapable of grasping the fact that an occasional rattling and its consequent booze is a necessity to a collier. Therefore, to

see her child in the grasp of the detested Jim Morton roused the mother's fury in an instant.

With a shrill scream the virago sprang at him, and, with clawing fingers, buffeted him in the face. Then snatching the child out of his arms, and crying, "There, Jim Morton, that's for frightening my little lad; you'd better take care what you are about, you hulking brute, or I'll set my husband on to you," she slammed the door in his face.

For a minute the man stood motionless, but presently raising his hand, with the back of it he wiped from his cheek a few drops of blood, and then pursued his way, his eyes more dazed than ever.

"It's queer," he muttered, "as women's nails should be so sharp, it's queer altogether, for I did nought to harm the little lad. I'm partial to children and dawgs. Children are sometimes frightened of me, but dawgs —"

Then Jim Morton heaved another groaning sigh, and, strapping his grimy leathern belt tighter round his waist, plunged his dirty cold hands into his pockets, and without another moment of hesitation started on a walk of "sixty mile or thereabouts."

At half past ten that Saturday night, footsore and aching in every limb, Jim Morton entered the village of L—d, twenty-five miles on his way. The snow was falling heavily, and the air was raw and intensely cold; a cruel struggle it had been to the man who was "out of fettle" when he started, to reach L—d, the harder because, throughout the difficult tramp along roads almost impassable with slush and snow, he had only broken his fast once, by eating a crust of bread and cheese and drinking a glass of poor ale. For this frugal meal he had paid fourpence, so now, with thirty-five miles before him, he had exactly eightpence halfpenny in his pocket. The two pound ten which was to relieve his mother was safely tied into the corner of his red pocket-handkerchief and thrust into his breast.

The lights were all out in L—d as the weary man dragged his benumbed feet through the straggling little village street; even the tavern had closed its door, and the blinding snow, which melted almost as it fell, soaked into the coarse cloth of his worn coat. But when Jim Morton stopped at length to wipe his wet, cold face and sore eyes, it was not a self-pitying complaint that he muttered — it was simply this:—

"It's a rare pity as the snow falls so thick, I can't get on so fast. If the

weather had held out, I might have got as far as S—, and there's a real good barn there; now I must get into Farmer Wright's cart shed. It'll be dry in there, and maybe there'll be a truss of straw in one of the carts — there is sometimes."

There was no straw, and Jim had to make shift without.

"I wish there had been," murmured the exhausted man, "but it's warmer in here than outside, anyway." And, with a shiver, curling himself up in the corner of a wagon, he fell into a heavy, lethargic sleep.

It was seven o'clock, but still dark, when Jim Morton awakened from his uneasy slumber, and, raising himself stiffly on his elbow, listened intently.

"It's queer," he muttered, rubbing his eyes hard, and shaking his tousled head, "it's very queer; if I didn't know as it couldn't be, I'd swear that was him. I thought I was dreaming, but I'm awake now at any rate; leastways I never heerd of any one dreaming of swollen feet and stiff joints."

A curious rushing, blowing sound here caused the man to scramble down from the wagon as quickly as his cramped limbs would permit.

"It's him for certain," he muttered.

With a hand which trembled strangely, he pulled the door open, its rusty hinges creaking loudly. He could see nothing, for the darkness was intense, but he heard a joyful whimper, and something leapt upon him.

"Eh, Spot! eh, Spot!" he cried, with a faltering voice, and then he sat down on the shafts of the great wagon, and in an instant the dog was on his knees, licking his face and his hands in dumb rapture.

Spot was wet and cold and bespattered with mud, but Jim Morton did not push him from his knee, and soon the tired beast curled himself up with a profound sigh of contentment, and his master, leaning forward, folded his arms round the shivering creature, murmuring to himself,—

"He's cold for sure, I must let him rest a bit. So the cetur followed me. Eh, Spot, my beast!"

For an hour Jim sat there motionless, watching the daylight grow through the wide cracks in the side of the wooden shed. His circumstances could hardly have been more uncomfortable, but for the first half hour he was perhaps more nearly happy than he had ever been before. And after all it was not to be wondered at — Jim was as unintelligent and

apathetic a man as could possibly be found; but every human creature sometimes feels a craving for love and sympathy, and if a man's fellows shut him out from their hearts, the affection and devotion even of a dog is not to be despised.

But as the time progressed, and the daylight strengthened, the softness passed out of the confused eyes, and a look almost of despair crept into them. Then the man unfolded his arms, and shifting the dog off his knee, said roughly, though his pale lips trembled piteously, —

"Come along, you beast, what do you mean by following of me? You're Bill Smith's dawg now, and I must get you back to him somehow."

Spot's stump of a tail lowered itself, but there was a resolute look in the bright eyes which seemed to say: —

"You may do what you like, but I've found you now, and I mean to stick to you."

The market town of S — was six miles distant, and Jim's progress was somewhat slow, nevertheless, his comprehension being even slower, he entered the little High Street before he had made up his mind how to proceed. His difficulty was this: he could read, but it was so many years since he had written anything but his own name, that he doubted his power of rendering himself intelligible to Bill Smith on paper. However, there was nothing into it but to try.

Walking into the first tavern he came to, Jim Morton called for a glass of ale, and asking for a sheet of paper and an envelope, scrawled these words: —

"Bill Smith, Spot have followed me. You should have kep him tied up. He's at the police station at S—. You must send for him. I can't pay what it'll cost, I've no money now."

"I am,

"JIM MORTON."

He paid a penny for the paper and a penny for a stamp, and then, with his available capital reduced to fourpence halfpenny, went in search of the police station. There he seemed so dazed, and explained himself in such an incomprehensible fashion, that at first he was thought to be drunk, but presently he succeeded in making himself understood to some extent.

He did not dare to speak or look at Spot, but he heard his growls of distress and rage, and the clinking of the heavy chain by which he was being dragged away. A hard lump rose in his throat,

and abruptly he stumbled out of the station and pursued his way.

Presently he put his hand up, for his eyes seemed curiously dim, and when he took his fingers from them they were quite wet. He stopped for a minute, and holding his hands out looked at them in surprise. As he did this, he felt two or three warm drops fall upon them, and immediately the hard lump in his throat seemed to soften.

"It's queer," he murmured with twitching lips, "it's very queer. Eh, Spot, my beast!"

For fifteen miles Jim Morton trudged along the miry road, faint for food, with a heavy heart and aching limbs. He was five hours accomplishing this distance, for his feet were so swollen in his rough hard clogs that every step was a difficulty to him. It being Sunday the village shops were closed, and not until he was really severely gripped with hunger did he dare to enter one of the numerous taverns, for he knew to buy even a piece of bread at one of them would leave him nothing out of his small capital.

When he had achieved the fifteen miles, however, he stopped, and breathing heavily, passed his hand over his moist brow. It was a quarter to three, and already the shadows were beginning to fall.

"I must turn in here," he muttered, "the beer-shops will shut at three, and I'm well nigh starved. I have twenty miles yet to do. I must walk all night for certain. I'm a bit stiff and I get on slow. I've been pretty nigh on an hour over the last two miles, and I ain't likely to get quicker. I must be there Monday morning early, in case —"

Jim had precisely one half-penny in his pocket when he emerged from the tavern, but he had eaten and drank, and in his colored handkerchief, besides his mother's money, he carried a great hunch of bread. His gait was a little brisker as he slouched away murmuring: —

"I'll sit down for a spell further on, I'm bound to rest a bit; and if Squire Rawlings's old wooden bench is still by the side of the drinking fountain I can lay up along that for an hour. There's not likely to be any one a-sitting on it this afternoon, for it's rare cold."

Here the man felt his arm timidly touched, and looking down, his eyes encountered a wan, miserable little child, with bare feet, cunning eyes, and blue, nipped features.

"Please, mister, give us a penny."

"I ain't got one, little chap," Jim an-

swered, regarding the boy with pitiful interest.

"Then have you a bit of bread? I'm rare hungry," whined the urchin.

Jim stood still and considered a moment. With a hunch of bread and a half-penny, a half-famished man could not be considered over well provided for a dark tramp, through snowy roads, of twenty miles. But apparently Jim felt that his means were to a certain extent superfluous, for, pulling out the red handkerchief, he unfolded it, and breaking the hunch of bread, bestowed upon the urchin a large part of it.

As he refolded his bundle, in some way the corner containing the money became unloosened, and in a shower the silver coins fell to the ground. With a cry, Jim dropped upon his knees, and gathered them together with trembling fingers.

When he looked up again the child had disappeared, and murmuring, "Eh, but that little lad had famine in his bright eyes, it's bad to see a child want," Jim walked on, perfectly oblivious of the fact that from the field on the other side of the hedge his proceedings were being watched by those same cunning, childish eyes, as well as by another and fiercer pair.

Wearily Jim dragged himself along until he reached the well-remembered drinking fountain. The bench was there, certainly, but being thickly covered with snow, it was five minutes or more before he could lay himself down, and then the wood was cold and wet.

Clearing the snow away had nearly frozen his fingers, but after he had breathed upon them for a spell, they thawed somewhat, and settling himself along the bench, with his hands in his pockets, Jim murmured sleepily:—

"Eh, it's queer as I should be here again after fifteen year."

And then his sluggish memory reverted to the moonlight night so long ago, when the squire's keepers found him sitting on this very bench with the dead leveret in his arms. The squire sent the hulking lad to gaol the next day, for poaching was very rife in the neighborhood, but he would scarcely have made an example of Jim Morton if the lad had not been too muddle-headed to make the magistrate understand that he had found the animal caught by the leg in a spring trap, and being secretly fond of all dumb creatures who shared his own inability to express themselves, that he had rescued the creature, and was carrying it off with the in-

tention of curing its wounded leg, when it upset all his calculation by dying of exhaustion and terror.

It was undoubtedly a pity for Jim that he was so slow with his tongue, for otherwise his mother would not have rated him so soundly on his return from gaol, that to go out into the world and turn his back upon his old home seemed the only thing possible to the bewildered, sore-hearted lad. But by-and-by Jim's recollections became more and more confused, and presently they ceased altogether, as with a sigh the man fell heavily asleep.

Scarcely had this happened than out of the wood which bordered the highroad there crept two stealthy figures. One was a burly ruffian with a cruel, sinister face, and the other the little lad with the cunning eyes, whose hunger the sleeping man had relieved.

For two hours or more Jim slept, and then the bells of the parish church began to chime for evening service. With a start he dragged his legs down from the bench and essayed to stand, but no sooner was he upon his feet than he sank down again with a smothered groan.

"Eh, but I was a fool to go to sleep," he moaned, while drops of sweat gathered upon his forehead. "I'm well nigh crippled with rheumatism, and I've got near sixteen miles to do yet."

Unbuckling his heavy clogs, with great difficulty Jim Morton drew his benumbed feet from them, and for half an hour he sat there in the darkness, rubbing them with his half-paralyzed fingers. He did not complain, however, he only said, as he gazed anxiously up at the sky:—

"I'm glad as it don't rain, but it looks a bit threatening. I'd better get on, in case, for if I got wetter it would most like fix me up altogether. Stop a bit, if I could pull a stick out of the wood it would be a rare help."

He dragged himself up the bank, and emerged five minutes afterwards with a stout stick, with a jagged, pointed end, which he had broken off one of the young trees. Then in grievous pain he hobbled away to do his remaining sixteen miles.

There were grey streaks of daylight in the sky when, with the moisture trickling down his ashen face, panting and groaning at every step, with parted lips but clenched teeth, through which the hard-drawn breath hissed loudly, Jim Morton lifted the latch of his mother's gate, and staggered up the garden path.

There was a feeble light burning in the cottage, and leaning on the window-sill to

rest for an instant, the trembling, exhausted man peered with his bloodshot eyes through the little diamond-shaped panes into the cottage.

Seated at the table was his mother, reading from a big book which Jim easily recognized as the family Bible. There was a scrap of bread in a dish near, but there was no fire in the grate, and the old woman shivered as she read, pausing every now and then to wipe away her fast-falling tears.

"Eh, poor old soul, but it's cold for her!" the frozen man muttered, "and she's such a deserving, decent woman, too!"

He dragged himself to the door and rapped at it with his swollen, aching knuckles.

Brushing away her tears, Sarah Morton tottered across the cottage and withdrew the bolt, but when she beheld her son she gave a great cry and retreated backwards.

Jim did not greet her in any way, but his heart began to flutter, and his dull eyes to gleam.

"Sit thee down, old woman," he panted hoarsely, "sit thee down, and hold out thy apron."

With eyes distended with hope and flushed cheeks, the mother did as he directed, and pulling the red handkerchief from his breast, Jim flung it into her lap.

"There's thy money," he said in trembling tones, "thee shall not go to 'the house;' open that there corner of the handkerchief, my fingers is too stiff."

With a leaping heart, old Sarah untied the tight knot, and then — there rolled out upon her clean white apron a dozen dirty, heavy pebbles.

For an instant Jim sat and glared at them, but of a sudden something seemed to snap in his brain, and, pointing at the stones, he cried out, —

"There, that's thy money, mother!"

And fell to idiotic laughing.

What happened afterwards the dazed, heart-broken man never knew. It seemed to him that there was a horrible confusion, and that his mother, maddened by disappointment and rage, screamed and upbraided him, and sprang at him. He knew that he put his hand out to shelter his face from her blows, but he did not touch her. Presently, however, he saw her stumble, and then he heard an awful shriek ring through the cottage, as, striking her forehead against the sharp corner of the oak press, his mother fell upon the floor at his feet.

Scarcely able to move, quite light-headed

with the misery and horror of it, Jim Morton stooped stiffly and raised her in his arms, and ere the blood, which trickled from her forehead upon his clothes, had had time to drop upon the floor, he placed her unconscious form upon the mat in front of the empty fireplace. Straightening himself with difficulty, he stood up again and gazed stupidly down upon the face over which was spreading rapidly an awful grey shadow.

"Eh, but it's a pity," he murmured; "she's dead, for sure. How came those stones there, I wonder? She fell against the oak press, I reckon — I never touched her, anyway."

Stumbling away from his mother's body, Jim approached the press and examined its corners.

"Eh," he said hoarsely, "there's the stain of her blood, sure enough, and she was so careful of the oak press too, poor old soul!"

For a minute the bewildered man gazed vacantly at the terrible stains, and then with his jacket he wiped them away, and rubbed the wood until the corner shone as brightly as either of the others.

"There," he muttered, returning to the body, and picking up his heavy stick which had fallen into the pool of blood by its side — "there, the press is all right now — she was such a tidy, clean woman, she wouldn't like to think that that had been messed. Eh, the poor old soul! but it's queer altogether!"

With a perfectly blank mind, regardless of the fact that his hand and clothes were stained with blood, oblivious of everything save of a horrible aching in his breast and a sense of utter desolation, Jim Morton turned his back upon his mother's body and staggered towards the door.

So bewildered was he that he did not hear an ominous murmur of voices approaching nearer and nearer; but when he crossed the threshold he stepped into the midst of a little crowd of terrified men who were anxiously peering into the recesses of the cottage, on the hearth of which lay the dead woman with the blood still slowly welling from the ghastly wound in her forehead.

Jim Morton, more dead than alive, was conveyed to the county gaol, and the following week was put upon his trial. From the first his case was hopeless, the evidence against him was so crushing. He made some faint effort to assert his innocence, but no one believed a word that he said, for he had destroyed his mother's written appeal to him, and in contradiction

to his statement that he was carrying money to her was the letter he had sent to Bill Smith from S—, in which he had said, "I have no money now."

Then again, his account of his mother's having fallen against the oak press appeared to be obviously untrue; there was no blood upon the floor anywhere near, and a careful examination of the press itself showed no traces of it, while, on the other side, the heavy stick which was found in Jim's hand was covered for half a foot.

It was impossible to doubt, therefore, that with this instrument the unnatural and violent deed had been effected; and as if this evidence against him were not sufficient, a young girl came forward, and in a condition of wild agitation told how she had been passing the murdered woman's cottage quite early on the fatal Monday morning, and that, hearing a sound of angry voices, she had gone to the window and looked in. There she had seen Mrs. Morton struggling with a man — she did not recognize him, but she gathered that he was the bad son for whom no one in the village spoke a good word, for while she was looking in she heard Mrs. Morton cry, "Jim, you've come here to see what you can get, but you shall have nothing if I can keep you from it, not a sup of water or a bit of bread unless you kill me first." At this the girl was frightened, and running home told her father what she had seen and heard.

The whole country rose against Jim Morton in righteous indignation. "Hanging is too good for him," was the verdict of society; "he is an outrage on humanity! Try him, condemn him, hang him, bury him, and then forget that such a creature ever existed; his memory even will be unholy; he is an ugly blot on the fair page of nature's history, erase him, let no sign remain that he ever was!"

But, thank Heaven, there is another tribunal and another judge, and in the end all wrongs will be righted.

The fortnight that elapsed between his condemnation and his death was passed by Jim Morton in a condition of woeful perplexity. The gaol chaplain was constant in his attendance upon him, but the kindly gentleman found his ministrations more painful in this case than they had ever been before, the condemned man appeared so callously indifferent to his terrible situation.

Only once did the unhappy creature testify a gleam of interest in himself or

what was going forward. Asked whether there was any one he would wish to say farewell to, Jim Morton raised his dull eyes quickly, and muttered, —

"I should like to see my dawg Spot, Bill Smith has him, Bill Smith of Wigan."

Roused to a sense of anger, the gentle priest told him sternly that this could not be, and then the man turned his head away, and murmuring, "But that's a pity! Eh! Spot, my beast!" covered his hot eyes with his hand.

An hour before the execution the clergyman exhorted him for the last time to confess.

"Is there nothing that you have to say to me?" he cried, tears of compassion rolling down his face.

And Jim replied slowly, —

"Yes, there is some'ut. I've been trying to think about it this morning, but my head's so muddled."

There was a pause, and the chaplain's heart beat high with hope, for surely if this poor creature confessed his crime now, might there not be pardon in Heaven even for him?

"You see," faltered Jim, "I want to kuow who my mother's goods belong to."

In intense surprise the clergyman gazed at him.

"There's the old oak press, and the Bible and copper kettle — my mother set a deal of store by them. They may go to landlord now, but if so be as they are mine, I should like 'em sold, and ten shillings and sevenpence sent to the master of the Pick and Shovel beer-house, Wigan. Eight and sevenpence I owe him for drink, the other two shillings is for the cost of Spot's travelling from S—. And I should like my mother's name cut on father's grave-stone in the churchyard. That's all."

And so Jim Morton settled his worldly affairs. An hour afterwards he paid the extremest penalty the law demanded of him, his last words being: —

"Eh, but it's queer altogether!"

But it was afterwards noticed that on the dead man's face was a placid smile, and I should not be surprised if, even while on the threshold of his new existence, poor muddle-headed Jim Morton saw things plainer and clearer than he had ever done before.

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After all, perhaps things happened for the best. An empty life is not worth living.

From The Contemporary Review.
CARTHAGE.

THERE is no spot on which one more keenly feels the mischief that has come of cutting up the study of history into arbitrary fragments than on the site of Carthage. There is no spot which the unity of history may more rightly claim as one of its choicest possessions. In the history of the neighboring land of Sicily the main charm lies in the fact that the same tale has to be told twice, that the same struggle has been fought twice. And so it is with the city which so long played a great and fearful part in the affairs of Sicily. Carthage has had a double life, a double history; and we do not take in what Carthage has really been in the history of the world if we look at one of those lives only. It is pardonable if, standing on the site of Carthage, with the two lives of Carthage in our memory, we go on to dream that a third life may perhaps be still in store for her. It was at least a piece of news which might call up many thoughts when we read the other day that a successor of Cyprian had just dedicated his newly built metropolitan church on the height which is at once the Bozrah of Dido and the hill of Saint Lewis, the spot from which Gaiseric ruled the seas, the spot to which Heraclius dreamed of translating the dominion of the elder and the younger Rome. We fail to take in the greatness of the story of which we stand on the central scene, unless we call up all its associations, and not the earliest group only. Mighty men have trod the soil on which we stand, and not in one age only. If Hannibal set forth from the first Carthage to deal his heavy blows on the elder Rome, Belisarius came from the younger Rome to bring back the second Carthage to her dominion. If the first Carthage bowed to no foe till the elder Scipio had learned the arts of Hannibal, it was from the second Carthage that Heraclius went forth to practise those arts on a third continent. We feel the greatness of the site when we think of Phœnician Carthage ruling in Sardinia and Sicily and carrying her arms to the gates of Rome. But the feeling of its greatness comes home to us with a twofold strength when we think how, as soon as Carthage was again the seat of an independent power, that power at once sprang to well nigh the position of the city in its elder days. Teutonic Carthage was but for a moment; but Teutonic Carthage too ruled in Sicily and Sardinia, and carried her arms not only to the gates

of Rome but within her walls. If the bull of Phalaris was carried as plunder to the first Carthage, the candlestick of Solomon was carried as plunder to the second. If one conqueror restored the bull to Agri-gentum, another restored the candlestick to Jerusalem. The tale loses half its grandeur, it loses all its completeness, if we stop at the end of its first chapter. Let it be, no one will deny it, that Phœnician Carthage was greater than Roman Carthage. But that Roman Carthage, once planted on the same site, rose to no small measure of renewed greatness, is surely the best of witnesses to the greatness of Phœnician Carthage and to the wisdom of those who chose the site for its first planting.

I should certainly counsel the visitor to Carthage to carry with him Mr. R. B. Smith's not very bulky volume, "Carthage and the Carthaginians." He cannot carry his library with him, and I found to my cost that there is no means at Tunis of getting at any book, old or new. Mr. Smith's "Carthage and the Carthaginians" ranks a long way above his "Mohammed and Mohammedanism." It contains nothing so wonderful as the passage which some will remember about Mohammed the Prophet and Mohammed the Conqueror. Mr. Smith's Carthaginian work is solid enough to have entitled him to become the prey of the pilferer. We cannot help sometimes smiling at Mr. Smith's enthusiasm for his subject; but we sympathize while we smile, as his enthusiasm stands us in really good stead. Only when we have to take him as our one comrade over so long a journey, it is a little disheartening that we have to part company with him so soon. Mr. Smith has stood, alongside of Polybios, as a spectator of the fall of Phœnician Carthage. He tells us how much the site has changed since the younger Scipio quoted the verses which foretold the fall of Ilios. He then adds:—

Nor has Man been less destructive than Nature. On the same or nearly the same spot have risen successively a Phœnician, a Roman, a Vandal, and a Byzantine capital. Each was destroyed in whole or in part by that which was to take its place, and each successive city found ample materials for its own rise in the ruins which it had itself occasioned.

This is a little dark; but it would seem as if Mr. Smith fancied that Gaiseric and Belisarius destroyed what they found as thoroughly as Scipio did, and that each built up a capital, Vandal or "Byzantine,"—whatever that last name means—which was as thoroughly new as the "Roman

capital" which the younger Cæsar certainly built up according to the plans of the elder. It is not likely that Mr. Smith seriously thinks that either Gaiseric or Belisarius did anything so foolish. It is just a flourish, a kind of flourish to which we are very well used. There are about a thousand years of the history of Europe during which a large class of writers think that anything may be said; before and after greater care is needful. One must take some care about Hannibal; one must, I fancy, take some care about Charles the Fifth; but Gaiseric, Belisarius, and Heraclius are fair game; it is safe to say anything about them. Yet Mr. Hodgkin and Mr. Bury are among us; let us wish them life and strength to work a reform.

But, while we must not let the greatness of the first Carthage blind our eyes to the existence or to the greatness of the second, we must freely allow that the second Carthage is something, not only second in time, but in everything secondary to the first. The charm of the second Carthage, of the acts that were done in it or by its masters, comes largely from the fact that the first Carthage and its acts went before them. It is not always so with the second state of a city. Megarian Byzantium has its own place in history; but its main interest is that it was the forerunner of Constantinople. Within the world of Carthage itself, Phœnician and Roman Panormos counts for something; but it counts for little beside the glories of Saracen and Norman Palermo. But the second Carthage lives in a manner by the life of the first. As a power, its greatest, indeed its only, day is its Vandal day. And the most striking thing about the Vandal day of Carthage is that it so wonderfully recalls its Phœnician day. It is the purely Christian associations only that stand on a real level with the associations of the oldest time. Cyprian would be the same if Hamilkar and Hannibal had never trod the ground of the Bozrah before him. Gaiseric hardly would be.

The old Phœnician Carthage holds a place in the history of the world which is all her own. Phœnicia stands alone among nations; and Carthage stands alone among Phœnician commonwealths. That last is a word to be noticed. In a glance across the historic nations it strikes us at once that the Phœnicians are the only people beyond the bounds of Europe who rank as the political peers of the European nations. Aristotle, to whom the name of Rome was barely known,

whose thoughts had been in no wise drawn to the polity of Rome, thought the constitution of Carthage worthy of attentive study, and he gives it the tribute of no small praise. Polybios, with his wider range of vision, makes the constitutions of Sparta, of Rome, and of Carthage the subject of an elaborate comparison. One is tempted to think that the Phœnicians, settled within the Western world, within the bounds of Europe itself or of that Africa which is truly a part of Europe, had drunk in something of the spirit of the West, and had almost parted company with the barbaric kingdoms of Asia. We seem to see the change taking place by degrees. The Hamilkar and the Hannibal of the fifth century B.C., the defeated of Himera and the destroyer of Himera, are still essentially barbarians. Their generalship does not go beyond a blind trust, successful or unsuccessful, in the physical force of huge multitudes. Massacre and human sacrifice are as familiar to them as to any Eastern despot. The Hamilkar and the Hannibal of the third century B.C. are essentially Europeans. And they are, we need hardly say, Europeans who stand alongside of, or above, the greatest names in Greek and Italian story. It was a mere outward sign that Carthage should adopt the coinage and others of the arts of Greece. The Carthage of the house of Barak had become essentially European in greater points. Its statesmen, its generals, not only the two immeasurably great ones, but a whole generation of them, distinctly surpass those of Rome. A few great men doubtless did much to raise the whole people; but the fact that those great men could arise and could find scope for their energies in the Carthaginian commonwealth shows that the ground was at least ready for them. Doubtless Hannibal soared above Carthage; doubtless Carthage soared above other Phœnician cities. And these two truths imply as their groundwork that Phœnicia, as a whole, soared above all other barbarian nations. The fact that there was a Carthage, that there was a Gades, a Hippo, an Utica, and a Panormos, is enough. If Carthage rose to the first place as the ruling city, the cities of the old Phœnicia had already done something greater. They were the first colonizing cities. They gave the Greek the model of an intelligent system of distant settlements, as distinguished from a simple wandering of the nations. And they knew, what later nations have been so slow to learn, the way to avoid the need of wars of independence, to bind

colony and metropolis together from the first hour of their common being. Carthage in her greatness still revered Tyre in her fall, because Carthage from the moment of her birth had been the child of Tyre and not her subject.

In truth, the mere fact that in speaking of the old Phœnicia we have to speak of cities marks of itself the wide gap between Phœnicia and any other barbarian land. No doubt the westward movement did much to quicken the civic and political colonies in western Phœnicia. It was in the West, as if by virtue of geographical position, that the orderly constitution of *Shophetim*, Senate, and people, grew up, which Aristotle and Polybios honored with their study, the constitution of which it could be said that its working had never been disturbed by a revolution or a tyranny. The old Phœnicia undoubtedly had kings, and their authority was sometimes tempered by revolutions. Still the old Phœnicia was a system of cities, and the king of a city can never be the same uncontrolled despot as the king of a vast realm. When Tyre and Sidon had sunk to vassalage, their kings still held the first place in the councils of Xerxes. It was to them that the great king turned for ships and seamen to cope with the ships and seamen of Greece. It was among their people alone that he could find men with wit enough to do his works of engineering. Yes, before Carthage was, before Gades was, the men of Canaan in their old seats had made the beginnings of history. It is with a strange feeling that we look back to those first glimpses of the world, when the clouds were just beginning to lift themselves from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and when those immemorial cities, ancient in the days of our first recorded facts, were already entering on the path of "ships, colonies, and commerce." If the full development of the race was to be wrought on the soil of Spain and Sicily and Africa, it was in the old land of the palm, on the narrow strip of flat land between Lebanon and the great sea, that the race first showed its power.

It is an essential part of the history of Carthage that she was, as her name implies, the new city, very far from the oldest, seemingly one of the youngest, of the colonies that Sidon and Tyre and Arvad sent to the West. Gades on the ocean, furthest of all from the old home, was held to be the oldest of all. Tharshish, the land of gold, was the main object of Phœnician enterprise; the set-

tlements in Africa and Sicily arose as stages on the road. Specially must it be borne in mind that the Phœnician colonies in Sicily — Solous — *Sela* — on her rock, Motya on her island in her sheltered harbor, Panormos in her golden shell, on her tongue of land between the two branches of her *All-haven* — all these were no colonies of Carthage, but sister cities, most likely elder sisters, whom she brought step by step under her dominion. It is thus as the ruling city, the city supreme over a vast and scattered dominion alike over her kinsfolk and over strangers, that Carthage holds her place in history. It was her calling, a calling which no other city of her own stock undertook before her, which no city of any other stock carried out on the same scale or with the same success. No dominion ever lasted so long on so seemingly weak a foundation. For the foundation of the power of a ruling city must ever be weak; it must be weak in proportion as it most fully carries out the idea of the ruling city. Carthage in the end yielded to Rome. We may say that she yielded to Rome, because Rome, carrying out the idea of the ruling city less perfectly than Carthage, had sources of strength which Carthage had not. Rome was a ruling city; but each step by which her rule advanced took away something of her character as a ruling city. For at each step she admitted some new circle of allies or subjects to her franchise. That is, she raised them from the ranks of the ruled to the ranks of the rulers. But each step in the process made the Roman State less of a city and more of a nation. Aristotle, if he had looked at Rome as he did look at Carthage, might have set her down as being, like Babylon, though from quite another reason, *ἔθνος μάλλον ἢ πόλις*. This the position of Rome, as an inland city, whose territory grew by the addition of adjoining lands, allowed her to do. And therein lay her strength. Rome could fight her wars by the swords of citizens, and of colonists and allies to whom the hope of future citizenship was held out. When Rome and Carthage first met as enemies, the Roman, master of Italy, might walk from one end of his dominion to the other. For a long part of his journey, his walk would lie among men speaking his own language. At no stage of it would it bring him among men of a speech, a culture, a life, wholly alien to his own.

Carthage, on the other hand, was the ruling city in a sense the opposite to all this. She was a city which could never

grow into a nation, because she was herself from the beginning a settlement of a distant nation on a foreign shore. She was the greatest of many Phœnician cities in Africa; but she could not stand to them as Rome did to the Latin cities around her. Rome was the head of a continuous Latium; Carthage could not be the head of a continuous Phœnicia. For Utica and the Hippos were settlements on a foreign shore no less than herself. The Latin was in his own land; the Phœnician was in the land of the native African. It is the most speaking of all facts that, long after Carthage had won no small dominion over distant towns and islands, she still paid rent to an African prince for the soil of her own city. The fact has been disputed; but why? It rests on as good authority as most other facts in Carthaginian history; it is in no way contradicted; it is in no way unlikely. To a city wholly seafaring, which began with trade and from trade went on to dominion, the dominion of the mainland on whose shore she stood was of far less moment than the dominion of such points and islands, far and near, as lay well placed for the purposes of her commerce and her ambition. A continuous dominion in Africa seems to have been the latest form of Carthaginian power; and, when it came, it was mere dominion over a subject barbarian land, broken here and there by a Phœnician town that was dependent rather than subject. There was nothing around her that Carthage could take to herself and make part of her own being, as Rome could do with the towns of Latium, as Athens in her earliest day could do with the towns of Attica.

But it is this very isolation, this incapacity for enlarging herself as she enlarged her dominion, which made Carthage the very model of the ruling city. She stood alone. She was lady and mistress over her scattered dominions, commanding the resources of lands and towns, far and near, in every relation of subjection and dependence; but she stood aloof from all, incorporating none into her own body. She waged her wars by the hands of strangers. She commanded the services of subjects and dependents; she bought the services of the stoutest barbarians of the Western world. Her own citizens were but the guiding spirits of her armies; they never formed their substance and kernel. It was only in moments of special danger, on her own soil or on the neighboring soil of Sicily, that the Sacred Band went forth

to jeopard their lives for the Carthaginian State. In a Roman army, an army of citizens and kindred allies, every life was precious. A Carthaginian army might win a crowning victory, it might undergo a crushing defeat, with the loss of no lives but such as the gold of Carthage could soon replace. Here lay her strength and her weakness. A Punic general could risk his soldiers as even a tyrant could not risk Greek citizens; but the State of Carthage lived ever in fear of her hiring soldiers. The great mutiny of the mercenaries after the first war with Rome was but the most frightful of several. It is a ghastly but characteristic tale that Osteôdes, the Isle of Bones, the modern Ustica, took its name from a mutinous detachment of a Punic army who were left there to perish. A Roman army fought for Rome; a Punic army never fought for Carthage. The Numidian, the Spaniard, the Gaul, the Campanian, fought in his lower mood for the hire of his arm and his sword; in his highest mood, he fought, not for Carthage, but for Hamilkar or for Hannibal.

All this at once distinguishes Carthage from those ruling cities, Rome the chief of all, which commanded a continuous dominion. That is almost the same as saying that her only parallels, if she has parallels, must be sought for among seafaring powers only. The life by sea was the very life of Carthage. When the Romans before the last siege made it a condition of peace that Carthage should be forsaken and some point ten miles from the sea occupied instead, every Carthaginian felt it as a sentence of death. Athens could not be great without her fleet; but she could live without it. She had for a moment a scattered dominion somewhat of the same kind as the dominion of Carthage; but it was only for a moment. No other city of old Greece, no other city of her own Phœnician stock, comes near enough to her to admit even of contrast. The mediæval world supplies nearer parallels. Among cities of our own race, as we are tempted to call Bern the Teutonic Rome, so are we tempted to call Lübeck the Teutonic Carthage. But neither Lübeck nor any of her Hanseatic sisters fully reproduce the old Phœnician model. They are mighty on the sea, mighty for trade, mighty for warfare; but their special character was to be mighty in both ways, to strike terror and to bear rule, without forming anything which could be called territorial dominion. Far nearer to Carthage are the later seafaring

cities of her own Mediterranean waters, Genoa in some measure, Venice in a higher. Venice indeed is the nearest reproduction of Carthage that the world has seen. She too united trade and dominion; she ruled from her islands, as Carthage ruled from her peninsula, over possessions scattered far and wide, fortresses, cities, islands, kingdoms, over all of which she exercised lordship, but none of whom did she or could she incorporate into her own commonwealth. More perfect in her position than Carthage, she never paid rent for the soil of her Rialto as Carthage did for the soil of her Bozrah. But the two ruling cities agree in this that dominion on the adjoining or neighboring mainland was the latest form of dominion for which they sought.

One fears to carry on the thought further. But, now that the world has grown, now that great kingdoms and commonwealths have taken the place of single cities, now that the ocean with its continents has taken the place of the Mediterranean with its islands and peninsulas, it may be that later times supply parallels to the dominion of Carthage on a greater scale than that of Venice. It may be that they supply one special parallel of special interest to ourselves. In every such comparison we shall find the differences which come of altered scale and circumstances; but in every power which has held a scattered dominion over lands parted by the seas we may see a nearer or more distant parallel to Carthage, as in every power which has slowly and steadily advanced to a continuous dominion by land we may see a nearer or more distant parallel to Rome. The thought of Carthage is called up both by analogy and in ways more direct when, in one of the subject lands of Carthage, we see a power grow up which holds under its dominion a large part of her other subject lands. The thought comes more keenly still when that power is for a while clothed with the majesty of Rome, and in that character goes forth to wage victorious war in Africa and for a moment to make Carthage itself part of its possessions. When a Spanish king who is also Roman emperor, who is also king of Sicily and Sardinia, goes forth on the old errand of Agathoklès, Scipio, and Belisarius, when he sets forth to war from Caralis and comes back to triumph at Panormos, we seem to see the old forces of Phœnician Carthage turned against her on her own soil. Charles of Austria, Charles of Burgundy, first Charles of Castile and Aragon, fifth Charles of

Germany and Rome, setting up the banners of half Europe upon the walls of conquered Tunis, seems, as it were, to gather up the whole tale of Rome and Carthage in his single person. And when we go on to remember that the Roman Augustus, the Spanish and Sicilian king, was lord, not only of the inner sea, but of the ocean, that he bore himself as monarch of its continents and islands, monarch of the Eastern and the Western Indies, ruler in every quarter of the globe, master of a dominion on which the sun never set, we may think that the conqueror of Tunis had not only, in a figure, subdued Carthage in her older world of the inner sea, but had called up a dominion like her own in the newer and wider world of ocean.* And his dominion has passed away from the older and narrower as well as from the newer and wider world all but as utterly as the dominion of Carthage herself. Of an European power that took in Sicily and Friesland not a shred is left outside the Spanish peninsula and its islands. A few islands east and west stand as survivals of dominion in Asia and America, memorials of the proud style of king of the Indies. A fortress on the coast of Africa, holding one of the pillars of Héraklès, is before all things a reminder that the grasp of the pillar which stands on Spanish ground, and with it the keeping of the mouth of the inner sea of Phœnician and Greek, of Venetian and Genoese, has passed into the hands of an island kingdom in the ocean. It is in fact in the power which has thus so strangely established itself on Spanish ground that we seem to see the nearest parallel to Carthage in the modern world. England, indeed, as well as Spain, has played, and still plays, a direct part within the old dominion of Carthage. Gibraltar, Malta, Minorca so often taken and lost in the last century, Sicily, so remarkable a scene of English influence in the early days of the present century, all bring us within the actual range of Carthaginian power. Malta and Gozo indeed, richer than any other spots in Phœnician antiquities, keeping, not indeed the tongue of the Phœnician, but the kindred tongue of the Saracen conquerors of Sicily, seem to stand as a special memorial of the two ages of

* I remember being much struck with the first page of a book which I saw at New York — I saw only the first page under a glass case, and I forgot to carry off the name. A Latin panegyrist of Charles the Fifth magnifies him for having won for himself a new empire in America equal to his old empire in Europe. Here is the same general idea carried out in another direction.

Semitic dominion in the Mediterranean. Cyprus again brings us, if not within the immediate range of Carthage, yet within the general range of Phœnicia; and the English bombardment of Algiers, if less striking in itself, not touching the immediate land of Carthage, was a worthier work in the world's history than the Spanish conquest of Tunis. But, just as in the case of Spain, the more instructive side of the comparison between England and Carthage lies outside the old Carthaginian world. England indeed, with her settlements and possessions, her colonies dependent and independent, all over the world of ocean, is truly a living representative on a vaster scale of the Phœnician city with her possessions and settlements scattered over the western Mediterranean. The empire of India, held by an European island, calls up the thought of the dominion in Spain once held by an African city. And in some points the dominion of England seems to come nearer to that of Carthage than the dominion of Spain ever did, while in other points the course of English settlement rather carries us back to the older Phœnician days before Carthage was. One point is that the spread of Carthaginian and of English power, as being in each case the advance of a people, have more in common with each other than either has with the advance of Spain under her despotic kings. But the higher side of English colonization has more in common with the earlier days of Phœnician settlement than it has with the Carthaginian dominion. The old Phœnician settlements grew up in Spain, in Africa, in Sicily, just as English settlements grew up in America, Australia, and New Zealand. In both cases men went forth to find new homes for an old folk and to make the life of the old folk grow up in the new home. But the settlements and conquests of Carthage had all a view to trade or dominion. She conquered, she planted, but with a view only to her own power. It was no part of her policy to encourage the growth of new seats of the common stock, formally or practically independent of the one great city. It was rather her object to bring the other Phœnician cities, her sisters, some certainly her elder sisters, into as great a measure of subjection or dependence on herself as she could compass. In her struggle with Rome her Phœnician sisters turned against her. She had done nothing to make herself loved either at distant Gades or at neighboring Utica.

To this last form of dominion or supremacy, the rule of one commonwealth over other equal or older commonwealths of the same stock, the relations of the modern world supply no exact parallel.* But both England and Spain have at different times dealt, if not with sister States, yet with daughter States, too much after the manner of Carthage. The result all the world knows. One hope at least there is, that this peculiar form of national folly is not likely ever to be repeated. We cannot foretell what is to be. How long a barbaric empire may be kept, to whom it may pass if it fails to be kept, are matters at which it is dangerous even to guess. We have had, like Carthage, our War of the Mercenaries, with the difference that we have not had it at our own gates. As for the nearer question of our own flesh and blood in distant lands, the tie between the mother-land and its still dependent settlements may abide or it may be peacefully snapped. There is at least no fear of a new Bunker Hill, a new Saratoga, or a new Yorktown, between men of English blood and speech.

Among all the great powers of the past, Phœnician Carthage seems to stand alone, in being simply a memory, it having had no direct effect on the later history of the world. It needs no effort to point out the endless ways in which Rome and Athens have influenced mankind for all time. Their impress is not only undying, but it is visible at the first glance. We see at once that the world that now is could not have been what it is, if Rome or Athens had never been. The law of Rome, the tongue and the thoughts of Greece, are essential parts of the civilization of modern Europe. But to Carthage, as far as we can see, we owe nothing. Directly we certainly owe nothing; indirectly Carthage has changed the history of the world in whatever proportion the history of Rome must have been other than what it actually was if Carthage had never been. To Carthage as Carthage, to the great seafaring power of the western Mediterranean, we owe absolutely nothing. Carthage has had no effect on the speech, the law, the religion, the art, the general culture, of modern Europe. There is no

* It must be remembered that in saying this we are speaking of a very modern world indeed. The relation of ruling and subject cities and lands was in full force in Switzerland till 1798, and traces of it lasted till 1830. I suppose that the *condominium* of Hamburg and Lübeck, over the district of Vierlande, has hardly lived through 1866; but it was in being in 1865. Middlesex perhaps did not know that it was a subject district to London; but it was till the very last changes.

such thing as a Carthaginian book. What would we not give for a record of the campaigns of Hamilkar and Hannibal in their own tongue? And we feel this the more keenly when we remember that all this, so true of Carthage as Carthage, is eminently untrue of the Semitic folk as a whole, that it is only very partially true of the particular Phœnician folk. "The letters Cadmus gave" were a boon of the kinsfolk of Carthage, though no boon of Carthage herself. And if we have no Carthaginian books, if we can hardly say that we have any Phœnician books, yet in the tongue of Carthage and Phœnicia, in the tongue common to Solomon and Hiram, we have books indeed. It is truly wonderful how, while other Semitic races, the Hebrew and the Arab, have influenced the world on a scale equal to that of Greece and Rome, the Phœnician has given us his one gift and has vanished, and that that form of the Phœnician which played the most brilliant part in the world's history has vanished without giving us any gift at all. The Saracen who swept away the younger Carthage from the earth has been our master in some things. The Phœnician who founded the elder Carthage has been our master in nothing, save in the warnings, many and grave, which the history of his scattered dominion may give to us into whose hands a dominion of the like sort has fallen.

It is then a disappointment, and yet we feel that there is a certain fitness in the disappointment, when we stand on the site of Carthage, and feel how completely even the younger Carthage has become a memory and nothing more. Above all, if we come from any of the great Sicilian sites, from Syracuse or Girgenti or Selinunto, Carthage does indeed seem barren. Cities which alongside the might of Carthage were but dust in the balance, Segesta and Tyndaris and Taormina, have more to show than the queenly mistress of the Western seas. There is, as a matter of fact, a good deal to be seen at Carthage besides the actual site. There is something above the ground; there is a great deal that has been brought to light below the ground, and more diggings may be expected to reveal endless stores. But almost everything has to be looked for; there is nothing that at once forces itself on the eye as a living witness of what has been. There is no great building, perfect or in ruins, nothing like the Pillars of the Giants at Selinunto, nothing like the still standing temples of Pæstum and Girgenti.

There is no long extent of wall to be tracked out, like the primæval walls of Ferentino or of Cefalù, like the finished walls of Dionysios at Syracuse and at Tyndaris.* And there is the further thought that, if there were such things, they could be memorials only of the city which the younger Cæsar set up, not of the city which the younger Scipio overthrew. The Carthage of Hannibal, at all events, can be got at only by digging. The site, we at once feel, is well-suited for a great seafaring city; we see still better that it is so when we learn the changes which have happened in the proportions of land and water. But it is not one of the sites which at once strikes the eye. It is not one of those which make us say that, if great things did not happen on the spot, they ought to have happened. Among the Sicilian sites, it would best go with Himera, Selinunto, and Kamarina, towns on hills of moderate height above the sea. Carthage sat on no such proud seat as Girgenti *la Magnifica* on the hill of Atabyrian Zeus, as Cefalù and Taormina on their mountain-sides, with their castles soaring yet again above them. Carthage does not proclaim its seafaring life like Syracuse again shut up within her island, or like the peninsula where Naxos once stood. Her own allies and subjects, Phœnician and otherwise, put her to shame. It is not in Africa, but in the isles of Malta and Gozo, that we find the abiding monuments of Phœnician religion. And compare Africa with Sicily, with that corner of Sicily which Carthage made her own when she sat as head alike over her own elder sisters and over the older people of the land. Solunto — Sela — sits on her rock as the guardian of the most cherished preserve of Canaan against the Sikel and the Greek. Trapani floats on the waves, with Eryx, mount and town, though no longer temple, soaring above her. Segesta, nestling among her inland hills, with her temple and her theatre, looks out on the distant sea. Palermo, though her twofold haven is choked up, still holds the centre of her golden shell, with her arc of mountains fencing her in, and the rock on which Hamilkar held his camp still guarding her. Motya on her island, with the circle of islands, high and low, around her, teaches us better than any other spot, how truly the life of the Phœnician was a life in and on the waters. Destroyed and never built again, she is

* I should, perhaps, rather say *Cephaladium*, as Norman *Cefalù* is down below.

still girded with her Phœnician wall and looks up to the more cunningly wrought Phœnician wall on Eryx. All these sites, in themselves far more taking, far more impressive, than that of Carthage, looked up to Carthage as their ruling city. It is only on the spot where Carthage was not only a ruler but strictly a founder, in her last and most stubborn stronghold of Lilybaion, that, on a site far less impressive than that of Carthage, we have, as at Carthage, as far at least as objects above ground are concerned, to search with curious eyes for the witnesses of the past. Yet there too the mighty ditch of Marsala, the ditch which Polybios stood and wondered at, the ditch which, hewn in its breadth through the hard rock, puts to shame our easier northern cuttings at Arques and at Old Sarum, stands, wherever modern improvements do not wholly choke it up, as a witness of Carthaginian power and skill such as Carthage itself has not to show.

Yet the site of Carthage, though disappointing both in itself and in its lack of historic remains, is not to be despised. It distinctly grows on the visitor. The hills are not very high; but they are hills. And we better understand matters as we come to take in, what does not strike us at the first glance, how thoroughly peninsular the site is. As we approach—at least as we approach directly from Europe—other objects are likely to strike the eye rather than the site of Carthage. The mountains to the south of the lake of Tunis with their bold outlines, the singular appearances of the lake, with the rim of land fencing it from the outer bay, and the *throat—La Goletta*—by which we pass from one to the other, the sight of Tunis itself, White Tunis, at the finish of the lake to the west—not to speak of the strange sights and sounds which greet the traveller who sets foot in Africa for the first time—all these things seize on the mind far more strongly than the not displeasing but not exciting piece of coast scenery which marks where Carthage stood. And nowhere does the traveller, at his first approach, on his first landing, find it harder to take in where he is. It is not very hard to get wrong in the points of the compass. There is a certain temptation to fancy that Tunis lies south of Carthage instead of west. There is nothing whatever to suggest that the low hill immediately behind Tunis is in fact an isthmus parting the lake of Tunis from another lake beyond it. And there is least of all to suggest the existence of another lake somewhat to the north of the lake of

Tunis, parted from the northern sea by another strip of land, perhaps a little thicker than that which parts the lake of Tunis from the eastern sea. The group of lakes is clear enough as soon as any rising ground is reached; but in the journey from the outer sea to Tunis by great steamer, small steamer, and railway, there is nothing to suggest any such save the lake of Tunis itself. But what is now the lake to the north, the lake known as Sokra, had a most important bearing on the position of Carthage. The rim of land which parts it from the sea is of later growth; in the great days of Carthage the lake was an inlet of the sea. The city thus stood on a distinct peninsula, with water on three sides. On the three hills within this peninsula stood Carthage and its surroundings, its suburbs, and its nekropolis. It is hard to believe that the city proper ever spread over so great a space. The wall of Dionysios was, for military reasons, carried round the whole hill of Syracuse; but no one thinks that the whole of the vast surface of Epipolai was ever as thickly peopled as Achradina and the Island.

Of those hills one specially concerns the muser on the long story of Carthage. The Bozrah of Dido, the royal seat of Gaiseric, the official dwelling of the proconsuls of Rome, is now the hill of Saint Lewis. It was already crowned with his chapel when France was a foreign power; since the practical supremacy of France has in some sort restored Africa to the Latin world, it has been further crowned with the metropolitan church of the primate of Algiers and Carthage. Another church and monastery crown another spur of the Bozrah. The central hill is crowned by a village, that of Sidi-bou-Said, which, at the time of Mr. R. B. Smith's visit, was inhabited only by Mahometan saints, and which does not seem to have been much disturbed since. But from another point of the same hill the palace of the cardinal archbishop looks down on the country palace of the bey, the nominal prince of the land. He has withdrawn from his capital to lead the quieter life of those Carthaginian country gentlemen whose rich gardens and fields Agathoklès and Regulus so pitilessly harried. Farthest of all, in the north of the peninsula, parted by a wider valley than we have yet crossed, rises the city of the dead, Djebel Khawi, the Catacomb Hill of the maps. These three hills, and the low ground at their feet, make up the site of Carthage.

The main centre of interest is the Bozrah, the hill of Saint Lewis. I imagine that I may without fear give it that name. Nobody, I believe, now doubts either that this is the akropolis of Carthage or that its true name is the same as that of the city of Edom renowned in the minstrelsy of Isaiah. The Greek name *Byrsa* is one of the many attempts to give a foreign name an appearance of meaning in one's own language. The name once given, the familiar legend, common to Carthage with a crowd of spots in all quarters of the globe, naturally followed. I will not stop to argue whether Elissa was, as the latest Phœnician learning teaches us, a goddess degraded into a queen; I am still less called on to disprove the tale that she cut an ox's hide into strips, like the Normans at Hastings and the English at Calcutta. Anyhow we may take her familiar name as that of the eponymous heroine of hill and city. As an akropolis, the Bozrah is but a lowly one; but it served the purposes alike of the elder and the younger Carthage. And it serves the purposes of the traveller as his point from which to look out on the hills, the lakes, the plain, the sea, the rim of land parting lake and sea, the distant mountains, and Tunis glistening in its whiteness, on the site in short of Carthage and her surroundings. We ought perhaps to rejoice at finding the city of Cyprian in some sort won back to Christianity and to *Latinitas*. But the modern buildings jar on the feelings. With all honor to the cardinal's zeal, in this and in other matters, it would need a more successful work than his to reconcile us to the presence on such a spot of any buildings of the last three centuries. A contemporary memorial of Saint Lewis, a trophy of the emperor Charles, would be a part of the history of the place. Even the chapel of Louis Philippe's day, when Frenchmen were strangers and pilgrims, seems less artificial, less out of place, than the metropolitan church reared where as yet no city has sprung up again. The thought of the holy king of France may perhaps stir our crusading feelings. How many Christian churches were overthrown to supply the mosques of Tunis and Kairwan with columns? It is among them that Carthage really lives. The great mosque of Tunis won for Christendom like the mosque of Cordova and Seville would be a worthier trophy than this easy display of the victory of Europe on the forsaken Bozrah of Dido.

Be this as it may, from the Bozrah we

begin to understand Carthage. And one thing strikes us above all. With the sea on three sides of her, Carthage still needed artificial havens. Her sisters had no such need at Panormos and Motya. But here we look down on the double haven, just as it is described by Strabo and Appian. There is the outer haven, the merchant-haven; and there is the inner haven, the *Kothôn*, the basin, the haven of the warships, with the island in the middle, where once the admiral of Carthage had his official dwelling. It is whispered that they have been filled up and opened again, and not opened to their full size. Let it be so; if not of the right size, they are at least of the right shape and in the right place. If they are not the things themselves, they are at least very good models and memorials; and, in such a case, it is perhaps best to ask no questions. These artificial havens, whether Scipio and Belisarius looked on them as they stand or not, are the most speaking things in Carthage. They call up more fully than anything else the memory of what Carthage twice was. There we really see the past. There,

In the still deep water,
Sheltered from waves and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forest
Of Byrsa's thousand masts.

It is hard to call up the walls; it is hard to call up the temples; but the havens are there, and it is no great feat of imagination to fill them with the navy of Asdrubal sailing forth or with the navy of Belisarius sailing in.

The havens then force themselves on the eye; other objects at Carthage, save the outlines of the hills and the waters, have to be looked for. The Bozrah is full of remains; there are the diggings in its own hillsides, and there are the precious collections in the museum. Dig near the surface, and you come to the Roman building which passed for the palace of the proconsul. Dig lower down, and you come to Phœnician tombs which tell us something of Carthaginian arts of construction. But there is nothing standing up, no castle like Euryalos, no house like Cefalù, no temple like Segesta. A fragment of the aqueducts does indeed stand up at some distance, a striking object on the road from the Goletta to Tunis. We can hardly apply the same words to the elaborate system of cisterns on each side, both those which have been lately turned again to modern use and those which still remain broken down and half covered up,

the shelter of a few homeless Arabs. Besides these there is little, save one precious memorial indeed of the younger Carthage which has been brought to light within these last years. This is a gigantic basilica with its attached buildings, of which nearly the whole foundations have been brought to light. I have carried away a ground-plan; but I confess, even with the ground-plan, to be puzzled with the intricacy of its many colonnades and apses, at utter cross purposes to one another. They must surely mark more than one change in design which may easily have happened during the eight hundred years' life of Roman Carthage, pagan and Christian. One point is marked as the baptistery. The thought flashed across the mind: here was Heraclius baptized. But that rite must have been done in Asia.

I have not attempted any minute topographical account of Carthage. I had no call to make such an one. I visited Carthage and Africa on account of their relations to the history of Sicily. One must see the city from which the great fleet went out to Himera and to Syracuse, the city which sent forth the men who overthrew Selinus, and those who defended Eryx and the rock of Pellegrino. But I am not called on to examine Carthage in detail as I am called on to examine both Greek Akragas and Phœnician Lilybaion. As a piece of topography indeed, Tunis, which Agathoklès held, comes nearer to the historian of Sicily than Carthage which he never entered. There, Diodôrus before me, I could read and write the story on the spot. In truth you cannot make such an account of Carthage as you can of Syracuse or Akragas, for the simple reason that there are not the same materials to make it. Nor can the traveller who does not set up his dwelling-place in the land, get the same means for illustrating such materials as there are. I felt keenly the impossibility of getting a single illustrative book, Beulé or any other, either at Tunis or while things were still fresh in the memory at Palermo. I longed for something like the great "Topografia" of Syracuse, with its noble atlas, which had so well taught me my way over Achradina and Epipolai. And a little incident taught me that no great local help was to be looked for, at least not at the hands of the special servants of Saint Lewis. The first day that I was at Carthage, armed with a recommendation from the British Consulate, I and my companions were received on the hill of the saint by a Carmelite friar—I think they

are Carmelites—who on that day showed himself both courteous and intelligent. We made an appointment to come again another day, when he would take us to some of the more distant objects. The day came; after a visit to Susa and Kairwan, we came again to Carthage. But this time the religious man laughed in our faces, and asked how he could be expected to remember a promise of so old a standing as eight days. I did not expect that the doctrine of no faith with heretics would be so openly acted on in these days. I am sure Mr. Smith's Marabout, if that is his right description, would have treated us better. And I certainly felt more kindly towards two casual Saracens who greeted me friendly as I was walking alone near the sacred village.

But there are after all some advantages in the lack of remains at Carthage and in the lack of means for studying the few that there are. We can still climb the Bozrah; we can still look down upon the Kothôn; we can still go down and walk round it and look back ages to the akropolis of Phœnician, Roman, and Vandal rule. We can walk to and fro at pleasure both along broad roads and along narrow paths among the sea-cliffs, ever taking in the outline of things from various points, now and then marking some special object suggesting thoughts. I shall not forget how, between the Kothôn and the merchant-haven, a small animal ran across my path, yellow and with the air of a rodent. It was the only free mammal I have ever seen either in Sicily or in Africa. I was not sorry that I did not meet any of the hyænas of which Mr. Smith speaks, and which may perhaps have vanished before the French occupation. But one would be glad to see signs of a higher animal life than that of lizards, *grilli*, and butterflies, pretty as they all are. Still less shall I forget a tower on the hill of Sidi-bou-Said, a tower overhanging the sea, a tower that was assuredly no work of Phœnician or Roman, but which may either have been placed there by the Saracen to keep out the Christian, or else may mark some short-lived occupation of Saracen ground by the Christian. But it is in some sort a gain to be relieved from the need, fascinating as the work is, of tracking out some fragment of wall or temple at every step. When one has not the time to spend both on the whole and on every detail which I have had at Syracuse and some other places, it is a certain relief to be able to fix the mind altogether on the whole. So it is at Carthage. On the

Bozrah we wish the modern buildings away; on the fellow hill the Arab village, which has come in the natural course of ages, seems quite in its place. But neither really interferes with our contemplation of the city of Hannibal and Gaiseric, its hills, its coasts, its havens, the lake and the rim that fences the lake, and which the Roman turned to his purpose in the last days of the Punic city. Up to that point the honest enthusiasm of Mr. Smith makes him a guide to whom we cannot but take kindly. We only wish to persuade him and his school that the history of Carthage, the interest and the instruction of that history, do not end when the wife of the last Asdrubal stood on the burning temple that crowded the Bozrah. What Roman and Christian Carthage was we may best learn among the endless columns of the mosque of Kairwan. Among them are a few which are the fellows of those that crown the columns of Saint Vital. Under the restored rule of the Roman Augustus, craftsmen were working in the same style in recovered Ravenna and in recovered Carthage. The wall of the great basilica which has been brought to light may well have glittered with the painted forms of Justinian and Theodora, sovereigns of the city won back from the Vandal no less than of the city won back from the Goth. And the same hand won back both of them. If we give Hannibal the first place among the leaders of warfare, if we hail him as the most loyal among the servants of commonwealths, a place not far behind him in his own craft must be given to the most loyal of the servants of princes. On the Bozrah, beside the Kothôn, if we think of Hannibal, we think of Belisarius too.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From All The Year Round.
IN A SUNNY LAND.

"ARE you good people all ready?"

"Are you sure the tea is packed?"

"Mary, have you brought out your roll of clothes? You know how forgetful you are!"

"My dear, I have everything! Even a pack of cards with me in case we want a quiet rubber."

Such and sundry were the exclamations to which a party of four people gave vent, as they collected on the verandah of a west-Australian house, on a certain afternoon in February. The two ladies were

clad in their habits, and the couple of gentlemen, who lounged up and down with their pipes, were also in riding garb. In that Australian home of mine I almost lived in my habit, for I was in the saddle the greater part of the day; when no other object for a gallop presented itself, I would ride forth alone into the bush, searching for specimens of rare flowers for my painting studies, the hunt for which occasionally led me, and my dear horse, "Mick," into some strange places. My brother was almost equally fond of riding, and we had long planned some day to make an expedition together on horse-back, to a certain curious salt lake, some forty-five miles distant, of which we had often heard tell, but not yet seen. The opportunity for going had at last arrived, and we were only waiting on the verandah for the horses to be brought round, to make our start. Two friends were going with us, Miss Gervis, a great ally of mine, and her brother Harry, the latter as pleasant and good-humored a young fellow as you could well find.

Dear me! as I write how clearly I see it all, though now it is five years ago. I see the low, one-storied house, with its creeper-covered walls; the garden, with its high pale and grant beyond; the flower-beds gay with flowers — though not so gay as they would be a month or so later, after the first autumn rains — the grass-plot in front, just commencing to get green now that the cooler season has set in; that grass-plot was the joy and pride of my brother's heart, it was, he said, the only turf to be seen in the colony, and he rolled it, and mowed it, and tended it, till it really had a semblance — the ghost of a semblance — to the smooth, velvety lawns of old England. Blinking in the sun sit our two white cats. "Tommy the elder" and "Tommy the younger," while a dog, who does not belong to us, but pleases to pass most of his spare time on our domain, lies stretched at his ease before the door. Yes! I shut my eyes and it all comes back to me, and I sigh just a little to think that I have bidden the land of "corn-stalks" good-bye for good.

The horses appeared shortly, led round by our boy, Tom, and we mounted and rode away, a merry, blithe party, in the brilliant afternoon sunshine. We were not encumbered with any great amount of luggage, just what was absolutely needful for three nights' absence — in the wilds of Australia one learns to travel with very little — a small roll of American cloth,

strapped to the off-side of our saddles, enclosed all that Miss Gervis and I carried. Our friend Harry had come armed with his gun, for he was a sportsman, and had visions of ducks, kangaroos, or perhaps even an emu—though those birds were getting very scarce—and he careered along with his weapon at full-cock, not a little to my secret dismay, though I discreetly kept my fears to myself. To him belonged the responsibility of guiding us through the bush, and bringing us out at the salt lake. That he had never been there himself was a trifle; as a good Australian, he knew that his instinct would guide him near enough to the place for which he was bound.

The horses were fresh, and away we went at a good pace, indulging in a gallop now and again where the ground was good, in other places saving them a little with a view to some hard work before us. I was mounted on a game little beast, the perfection of a horse. It would be hard work indeed which would tire Mick. My brother rode an animal warranted to go—an ugly creature, large for an Australian horse—with great staying powers; while our friends were horsed in a manner which gave us no cause for uneasiness.

The first part of our way lay through the bush. It was mostly flat and sandy, here and there blackened by recent fires, but occasionally relieved by a pleasant expanse of fairly green, rank grass, and at one place blue with a flower something like our scabious at home—though, as I am no botanist, I know not its name—its effect at a distance resembled faint blue smoke on the ground.

Fifteen miles we accomplished that evening, and then drew rein at a settler's house, where, though unexpected, we were made welcome. The father and mother were away, and our hostess was a girl of seventeen, who was left in charge of the premises and a tribe of younger brothers and sisters. She provided us with what food was procurable—bread and jam I think our supper consisted of, there being, she told us, no meat in the house. Next day we breakfasted off kangaroo's tail, repacked our rolls, and were off in good time on our ride of thirty miles.

We passed through more bush, with its endless succession of blue gum, burnt scrub, and sandy desertness, and for three hours the monotony was little varied. We only halted when our appetites loudly proclaimed it to be feeding time. Accordingly we unsaddled and tethered our

steeds, letting them graze while we fell to on our tinned tongue and biscuits. Lo! where are the knives? Never mind, we made excellent shift with a collection of penknives. Of course we had tea—in the bush that is a necessity with every meal—and a fire had been lighted first thing, on which our Sydney-billy boiled merrily. Tea made in a Sydney-billy is considered especially good tea—for an Australian's taste it may be, but I have a liking myself for tea made in a pot, where the leaves remain, instead of getting wholesale into my cup, as they always did out of the billy. For the enlightenment of the ignorant, let me here state that the Sydney-billy is composed of two pannikins, the larger one holds about a quart, and in it fits a smaller pannikin as a lid; when the water boils you put in the tea, and boil that for a couple of seconds, then add to the whole milk and sugar, and there is bush tea—excellent they tell you.

The meal finished, our men started off on an excursion of their own, trusting to get a chance shot at bird, beast, or fowl, while we ladies washed up the pots and pans, and rested till their return, when the horses were re-saddled, and we rode on quietly in the heat of the day.

After an hour's riding, the ground began to ascend, and at last we emerged on to a ridge of hill, from whence we saw below us the blue, salt lake, which we had come to seek. There it lay stretched out at our feet, looking bluer than the deepest ultramarine, and encircled by a dazzling contrast of white, white beach. On the further side were low sand hills, and beyond, just distinguishable, the far line of the distant sea. We checked our horses and stayed to admire, and I hastily attempted a rough sketch of the scene; but it could be but a hurried one, for we had little time to spare, having many a mile to travel yet before we should reach our destination for the night—the Five-ways. So on we pushed, keeping along the line of hill—for that beach below, beautiful as it looked, was bad travelling, composed as it was of great blocks of limestone, crushed shell, and sharp splinters. After a pause for tea, cooked as before, we started on our final stage of fifteen miles, turning into the bush once more, where a kind of rush-plain afforded us a fine galloping ground. The horses got wild in the cooler evening air and with the feel of the soft, springy rush under their feet, while their riders were in tearing spirits, to which they gave some vent by racing each other in the maddest fashion. That

last stage was accomplished in an incredibly short space of time!

Harry was as good as his word; he had brought us scarcely a yard out of our way, and a sandy track of a quarter of a mile led us up direct to Fiveways. Harry's whip, cracking like a rifle-shot, gave from afar notice of our approach.

The Fiveways was a house belonging to the three Miss Fiveways; it was not an inn, but it was an understood thing that those who stayed there paid for their board. We were not expected; but the Miss Fiveways had heard the cracks of the whip, and guessed some one was approaching who would need their hospitality; they were standing at the door of their low, wooden house, ready to give us a hearty welcome when we rode up—one is only too glad to see a fresh face when one lives away in the desolate bush. Those three women lived at their lonely station from year's end to year's end, managing their farm entirely themselves, milking, churning, baking—even stock-driving was not beyond them. The only thing at which they drew the line, they told us, was slaughtering the beasts, though they did not mind cutting them up.

While tea was preparing, Miss Gervis and I got out of our habits and into the gowns we had carried in our packs—plain, uncrushable garments of an ancient date, kept for such expeditions—while our men-folk looked to the horses. After tea, we four sat in the verandah talking for a while in the bright moonlight; then peacefully resting, enjoying the pleasant, cool air, until a loud snore from my brother caused me to look round, to see that he and Harry were both asleep and Miss Gervis nodding, when I suggested the propriety of moving off to bed.

During the night I awoke, hearing a noise in the room, which I shared with Miss Gervis, a soft, rustling noise, now here, now there. Of all things I hate, it is the presence of anything I cannot see, and for which I cannot account; a known danger I have faced once or twice with fair courage, whilst I have lain half paralyzed with fear, listening to, and not seeing, an unknown one. There were no matches in the room. How was I to find out the cause of that noise? I communicated my fears to my companion, who promptly suggested it might be a snake—they are not uncommon in bush houses. Such an idea was too appalling to be quietly endured, to lie still with the notion a snake was in our near vicinity was not to be thought of. If only we had a light!

"Perhaps your brother has matches," suggested Miss Gervis, and I commenced a vigorous hammering against the wall which divided his room from ours. At last I awoke him, and cross enough he was at being disturbed; at first the only notice I could extract was a cross "Bosh—go to sleep, and don't bother!" However, on my stating that I intended to hammer until I got a light, a feeling of self-protection made him push some matches through to us under the door, which, with much quaking and trepidation, we reached, and struck a light—to find the imagined snake a harmless little kitten! We asked the Miss Fiveways next day whether we had disturbed them. "No," was the answer; "we did hear you; but thought one of you had the nightmare, and t'other would wake, and make her hold her noise; when once we are down in bed, we never get up, the roof might fall before we would rise!" If one had been washing, baking, pickling, and stock-driving all day, I dare say one might be loth to stir from one's bed, even if aroused by an earthquake!

We were to pass another night at Fiveways, and intended to spend our day in exploring. Accordingly, we started off after breakfast in two detachments. My brother and Harry, who was riding a pony belonging to the Fiveways, as his own beast was rather done, went off to try for some duck-shooting. Miss Gervis and I put ourselves under the guidance of one of the Miss Fiveways, arranging to pick up the men later in the day.

First, Miss Fiveway took us to see a rather curious cave, from which we reappeared in the light, blinking like owls and festooned with cobwebs; then away to a certain hill, whence an extensive view could be commanded—a treat in that part of Australia, where the country generally is painfully flat, with nothing to see but the everlasting gum-trees. Four lakes of different sizes met our eyes, with more hills between and beyond them, and, on the horizon, the dim sea just visible. And in our faces blew a fresh, cool wind, to fully appreciate which one has to live in a sultry, hot climate. Sitting there on our horses, with that exhilarating breeze playing in our faces, we felt as if we were imbibing fresh life, and experienced one of those moments when one feels that it is worth while to exist if simply for the sake of that one delicious sensation of bodily enjoyment.

Going up that hill was more pleasant than its descent; however, our horses were clever, and slipped and slid down the

steep side of limestone and bushes without breaking our necks. Then away we followed Miss Fiveway through the bush to meet our men-folk. We found them tending a fire and boiling the inevitable pannikin. They had shot a kangaroo, and had tried to cook its tail in the ashes, but had unfortunately burnt it to cinders in the process. But we were well supplied with sandwiches, cake, and biscuits, so we did not fare so badly. Next, we were conducted round the head of the lake to a salt plain. A curious sight it was, and reminded me, as we gazed at it from a little distance, of the winter aspect of the meadow-land at home in England, when the flooded surface was covered with frozen white ice. We broke up some of the salt, which came away easily in our hands in great slabs. It was the very saltiest salt, and Miss Fiveway told us was largely used as saltpetre, for salting meat, also for mixing with hay for cattle. We tasted the water of the lake itself — that was simply brine; and yet, oddly enough, all along the margin of that salt lake, fresh water was always to be had, either from springs or by simply scooping holes in the sand.

Then we set our faces once more towards Fiveways. Away flew Miss Fiveway in front, going at a steady gallop along the beach, the black pony on which she was mounted — though owning to having seen twenty years — giving us our work to do to keep it in sight.

It struck me suddenly that our course had become somewhat erratic; now the sun was level with my eyes, now behind me; now this side, now that. The mystery was at last explained by Fanny Gervis, who, as she rode level by my side, stated she thought we were on the trail of a kangaroo. The said kangaroo caused us to gallop very madly, and gave us plenty of log-jumping; but I, for one, never saw the beast.

A little before sundown, when we were about a mile from the station — after a fast ride through the thick bush — we suddenly descended a slope, crashed under some old paper-barks, almost lying on our horses' necks to get under them, and when I raised my head I found myself in a veritable fairy-land! The sun was just setting, while below us lay a tiny lake, a circle of rosy opal-colored water surrounded by glistening white sand, which, in its turn, was bounded by a belt of trees with gleaming white stems; and all was bathed in the most wonderful pink, hazy light. We were allowed to gaze our fill, for some ducks were sighted on the lake,

and Harry was keen for a shot; so, while he crept away after them, we remained where we were, with orders to be as mute as mice, and gazed and gazed in speechless amazement. I dismounted and endeavored to sketch the lake; but any attempt to fix that marvellous light on paper was hopelessly futile.

We reached the station soon after sundown, and slept the sleep of the just that night.

Next day we breakfasted early, repacked, cut a huge pile of sandwiches, bade farewell to the three Miss Fiveways, and started off on our ride of forty-five miles back to Vincham. By the way, let me mention in passing, that if any one wishes to go for a holiday to a place where living is cheap, let me recommend Fiveways. Four shillings a head per day was what we paid; that sum including the keep of ourselves and horses. The latter were given two feeds of corn a day and as much hay as they required.

We returned on the opposite side of the lake to that by which we had come, passing our little baby lake on the way; but with the morning sun it had returned to everyday life — it was like many a gas-light beauty, requiring the glitter and glamor of night, with its setting of weird light, to make it appear in any way noticeable. Some dingoes were cantering along its edge, among whom, of course, Harry, as a good Australian, endeavored to work destruction; but they got away in safety; like Bo-peep's sheep, they carried their tails behind them, and poor Harry had to wait for another chance before he could claim his ten shillings from government. We had some good spins along the beach, which was in far better riding order than we had found it on the further side of the lake. We forced our way through those paper-barks, the white stems of which had charmed us so on the previous evening, but which treated us badly on close acquaintance. Crack! tear! and there is a great yawning gap in my habit-skirt, which will mean much careful darning when I get home, and a disreputable garment to wear for another six months, indeed, until I get to Sydney and procure a new one. Then we pushed up the sand hills, also here free from the ugly limestone blocks which had troubled us in coming. From the summit of one of them we obtained a fine view of the blue waters of the great salt lake, with the purple hills beyond, and in the far, far distance, a silver streak which we knew to be the Indian Ocean.

Then once more we descended into the

valley; as we went on through the bush we heard a sudden rushing sound in our rear, and, turning in our saddles, saw a herd of wild horses careering by behind us — beautiful creatures they looked going at full gallop, with flying manes and tails. As we proceeded we kept a sharp lookout for a water-hole, of which we had been told as a good baiting place. Presently we came to it. We found three large holes or tanks for animals, with a smaller hole at which they could not get, for the use of man. There we encamped for dinner. The place rejoiced in the name of Black Tom's Station, and had an evil reputation. The legend connected with the spot was that an old Indian had once had a hut there, and passed his days in looking after cattle belonging to some settler, until he was murdered by natives. It was certain that natives had a great horror of that part of the lake, vowing it was haunted by an evil spirit, "Bunzip," or some such name, presumably the spirit of the old man, and nothing would induce a native to camp in the neighborhood. But no Bunzip disturbed us; and we gave the horses a good rest at Black Tom's Station. The two men strolled off to bathe, after their midday meal, leaving Miss Gervis and me to mind the fire, keep an eye on the horses, and amuse ourselves in getting more tea against their return. It was the last time we should need our pannikins on that expedition. Our three days' frolic was drawing to a close.

It was nearly sundown when we reached Kawa, fifteen miles from Vincham. A couple of girls had ridden out there from Vincham to meet us, and were awaiting us at the house of an old lady, where we drew rein for tea. We people of Vincham had a grand joke against the people of Kawa, for between the two settlements there was not a little jealous rivalry. Some months earlier the Kawa people had ordered a piano from England for their institute. Great interest was taken in it, for subscriptions had been raised for its purchase, and every one felt that the good folk of Kawa were a very meritorious lot in having accomplished their object; and there was great anxiety to hear of the safe arrival of the piano. The talk of it extended even to us at Vincham. At last it arrived; but, by some accident in its transit from the steamer to the jetty, it fell into the water, from whence it was fished not without difficulty. The officials were very sorry about the mishap, and, fearing the immersion might injure the instrument, for which funds had been so labori-

ously raised, they thoughtfully ordered the removal of the wet outside case in which the piano was enclosed, when, lo and behold! with the piano out tumbled gloves and dresses, silks and satin, and lace, and other goods on which duty should have been paid, which had not been declared in the bill of lading, and which the cute inhabitants of Kawa had thought to obtain free with their piano! Of course they stood convicted, and had to pay up, and there was a big row. That piano was a sore point in Kawa for many a long day.

Having done justice to our kind old friend's tea, with grapes and figs as a wind up, we trotted off on our final ride of fifteen miles into Vincham; Harry and one of the girls who had come to meet us leading the way, and riding very close together. I followed, watching them with a smile, and yet with a sigh. It was the old story those two were enacting under the bright Australian moon, and what would come of it?

The pretty Alice was scarcely eighteen, and portionless; while Harry was but a year or so older, with his way still to make in the world, and only his strong arms and steady head wherewith to make it — after all, no bad weapons.

They were desperately in love with each other; but, alas! one must have something to marry on. But no troubled thoughts of the future disturbed them just then, at any rate. They were happy in each other's society, and doubtless everything was *couleur-de-rose* to their young vision. They viewed all obstacles with a blissful contempt. Did they not love each other? What more was wanting? And that was why I smiled and why I sighed as I rode in their wake.

We reached the beach at last — for Vincham is on the sea — and the horses tossed up their heads in exhilaration as they felt the firm sand under their hoofs, and off they went with a sudden increase of speed. My horse, Mick, saw those other two horses in front, and resented their leading as an insult to himself; keep him back I could not, with them he meant to be. So, not wishing to be *de trop* at that pretty *tête-à-tête*, I was fain to call to Harry to let me pass, and get away from them, with the excuse that Mick was pulling and I would give him a gallop. So away we went in advance, Mick indulging in a veritable bolt just to show he was not tired by all he had done. I pulled up some five miles further on, when I thought the lovers had had time to have said all

their sweet nothings to each other, and waited for the rest of the party. Then we left the beach, and got on to the road with bush on each side. As we proceeded, we noticed a heavy scent on the breeze—a scent one learns to hate in Australia, for it arises from the aromatic smell of the gums in a fire—and in a few more minutes we saw it, and were soon enveloped in a thick fog of smoke, through which the lights of Vincham gleamed hazily in the distance.

Shortly afterwards we bade adieu to our friends, with a solemn compact to make the same expedition again the following year; but, alas! it was not to be. Never again have I seen that blue salt lake, or its strange, capricious, little fairy companion.

Five years have gone by, and that small party which were so merry and happy for those three days of which I have endeavored to give some account, are now scattered far and wide.

Let me say, however, that in the interval Harry has made some way in the world, and his friends foretell he will make it further yet. He and Alice are married, and now possess a tiny daughter.

As I look back and recall it all, the pleasant hours and pleasant companions of those distant days, it is not without regret to think that the wide ocean waves now roll between me and those kind friends in the sunny lands of Australia.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MY DESERT ISLAND.

WHEN I say *my* desert island, let it not be understood that it belongs to me. I believe it is a part of the estate of an English gentleman, though none of his tenants seemed to know his name; but so far as deriving any positive benefit from its existence is concerned, it is perhaps as much mine as anybody else's; and, in spite of the fact that as a place of residence it possesses every kind of inconvenience, yet I have that sneaking likeness for it one must always have for a spot where one has roughed it in a thorough-going way, and had experiences that one can contemplate with pleasure in the past without exactly planning to repeat them in the future. Then, again, when I say *desert* island, I do not mean a desert island as described in the story-books. Those desirable freehold estates are usually situated in pleasant proximity to the equator,

where a magic climate provides all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life, and everything you want comes to hand just as you wish for it; and the only sense in which they are *desert* islands is that they are unaccountably deserted by human beings, except the lucky few who get comfortably wrecked and live happily there till they get a free saloon-passage home in a calling ship. No; my desert island is barely three and a half miles long and half a mile broad, and yet there are sixty or seventy families of natives living on it. As for vegetation, there is not a single tree or shrub on the whole island, the largest plant being a fine cabbage grown by an enterprising lighthouse-keeper. The weather, too, is vile; for the island is nowhere near the tropics, but in about Longitude 8° W., and Latitude 55° N., which brings you to the top left-hand corner of the map of Ireland; and if you look there you will see Tory Island. That is my desert island.

As from the bold summit of Horn Head you look at Tory Island rising from the blue waves ten miles away, you are struck by its magnificent profile. It suggests an irregular cathedral, with a lofty nave and bold square tower rising at its eastern end. It was the desire to see more closely the wild architecture of nature among its cliffs, and a wish for seclusion, that led me to trust myself to the care of the six ragged Dunfanaghy boatmen who rowed me across Tory Sound that fine summer evening; and as we neared the eastern end of the island the grandeur of the grim structure became very impressive. Turrets and pinnacles of rock, perpendicular walls of granite with here and there huge niches carved out by the breakers, flying buttresses and arches, with dim visions of mysterious crypts echoing the ceaseless lapping of the waves,—past these we rowed into a little harbor, with a few wicker *currachs* laid out on the beach, and a little white-haired wrinkled old man running down to welcome us from the mainland with cordial curiosity.

Dominic McCafferty is not a native of the island. Ten years ago he had a small holding in Rossgull, a straggling peninsula of Donegal; but the hard times drove him to Tory Island, of all places. He is therefore considered a travelled man, and indeed his wanderings at harvest time in England, in the old days before reaping-machines had driven three-quarters of the Irish harvesters from our fields, have given him ideas beyond the limits of his present abode. He is of a simple, amia-

ble, tobacco-loving disposition, with a touch of pride in his character which you will not often meet with in the more flourishing British rustic. One day after he had been rowing me round the rocks in his frail boat and talking freely all the while of his battles with poverty, I meanly gave him half-a-crown. I shall never forget his nervous horror at the thought that he had perhaps unconsciously been begging; and my shame in pressing the accursed coin upon him was quite equal to his in taking it.

Knowing absolutely nothing as to what accommodation was available on Tory Island, I determined to entrust myself to the willing Dominic, — who would at any rate make an excellent interpreter, — and see what he could do for me; so, shouldering half of my luggage, the little man led me along the excellent gravel roadway that ranges the length of the island, telling me all about everything, including himself, and describing the extreme comfort and "dacency" of the quarters to which he would conduct me. Dennis Diver should be my host, the most decent responsible man in the island, — ay, and a "well" man too; it was even said he had money in the bank. And a kind man he was, and a good friend he had been to him, Dominic; always ready to lend him a bit of turf, or a few potatoes, — ay, and a "shilling o' money," if need be. And Dennis's house was in the wholesomest part of the island, just away from the town, — a metropolis of about thirty cabins which Dominic seemed to regard as a Babylon of iniquity and noise.

By-and-by we stopped at the door of a thatched cabin, and Dominic entered to speak with the inmates, beckoning me to follow. I stooped and found myself in the ideal Irish cabin. There was the family bed in one corner, with a few dejected fowls roosting for the night on the clay floor beneath. A large and clumsy loom occupied the opposite corner. Under a rude chimney smouldered a pile of turf, baking a heavy-looking piece of dough in a circular pan that hung from a hook. A table, a broken chair or two, a few stools, and a large collection of odds and ends hanging from the roof, completed the furniture of the place.

It was like stepping into one of Lover's stories; and I gazed with interest round the room, till Dominic interrupted me to introduce a stalwart young man with a baby on his knee, as Dennis Diver's son-in-law. Slowly it dawned upon me that this was to be my abode. A cold shudder

shook me as I realized that perhaps this was the best shelter the island offered, and that possibly I might have to choose between a share of that family bed and a rug on the clay floor; and when the young man addressed me in defective English and hoped I would be comfortable, I turned to Dominic and told him plainly it would not do, and that if there was no better accommodation I would try the lighthouse.

"If," said the young man, looking at me steadfastly, "the gentleman thinks that we would rob him —"

"No, no!" I shouted, and frantically tried to explain myself. A stout, elderly woman here entered the fray, and was introduced to me as Mrs. Diver. The excellent matron shook hands heartily with me and added, "You're walkim, sorr, me bhoys," — a phrase which she evidently believed to convey a respectful welcome. Her knowledge of English hardly extended beyond this remarkable sentence, though in Gaelic she must be equal to the rest of the island. Understanding what was going forward she adroitly threw open a door and introduced me to another apartment, somewhat superior, in that it had a wooden floor.

I looked round. I was tired and hungry, and could have reposed on an ants' nest and eaten a mud-pie with gusto. An elderly man who had just entered (Dennis himself) was saying, "Sit down by the fayre and rest yourself a whayle, and tink abote it. Sit down and warrum yourself, and have a cup of tea." I hesitated; my nostrils were becoming used to the peculiar turfy smell of the air, my eyes in the twilight to the abundance of dirt. The circle of honest faces calmly awaited me; and finally I decided to trust to luck and the Divers; and shortly afterwards, having imbibed a cup of tea and diminished the contents (lubricated with butter) of the circular pan, I was seated in the family circle round the turf fire, smoking and talking to my host, and listening to the animated Gaelic conversation going on round me.

I slept soundly in a bed of a short and sandy nature, built into the wall, like a berth on board ship. My room was considerably furnished. There was a table at the window to write at, a pretty good chair, a spinning-wheel, and several substantial chests. The door and window had always been kept carefully shut, and the very chimney stuffed up; for the meal-sack and other stores of food were kept in my room, so that it was the centre of

attraction to all the animals in the neighborhood. Did I open my window, a fowl would be sure to flutter on to the sill and stand there clucking and alternately winking at me and looking hard at the flour-bag. Moreover the family kept their Sunday clothes and other finery in my room, and as the members came in and out for whatever they wanted at all hours, I saw a good deal of society.

And the society I thus saw was the best in the island. Dennis Diver possessed, I believe, the only wheel-cart in the place, what others there were being "sliders," which carry their loads in a state of unstable equilibrium over the stones, demanding a good deal of attention from the driver. He also had a gun, a saw, a number of odd pieces of wood (very valuable on Tory Island), some glass (saved probably from wreckage), and a weaving-loom, which made all the cloth of the island. With such a collection of rare and valuable properties he was looked on as a man of some means. He and his son-in-law worked with incessant industry, and on a more grateful soil would have become rich in proportion. They seemed to be busy all day, and at night, if it was fine enough, they went out fishing for hours. They slept whenever they had time, and I never once saw the family sit down to a regular meal. I would occasionally find one of them eating cold potatoes, or dubious-looking slops, from a dirty basin. Mrs. Diver went about endless business all day, her only relaxation being to squat down by the cradle and rock and sing the baby to sleep. She made jokes to me in Gaelic, over which we laughed with equal heartiness, and kindly essayed to teach me that language, compared with which Greek is child's play. First, with great care and by dint of repeating it at all hours to all who came in my way, I learnt the Gaelic for "good-night." When I was safe with "good-night" I embarked on the rasping combination of sounds with which a Toryman says "Thank you." But, unfortunately, finding that as soon as I could thus express my gratitude to my fellow-men I was no longer able to bid them "good-night," I relinquished these ambitious attempts and contented myself with the simpler (yet unspellable) equivalent for "Where's the baby?"—a remark which was always hailed as a joke.

Torymen seemed to me a most kindly and talkative race. Not a bay or rock round the rugged contour of the island but has its name and story. There are the prints of the feet of the greyhound

that leapt from the granite rock over to the mainland opposite, what time the ubiquitous Saint Columba (who of course founded a monastery on Tory, whereof a tower still remains), in virtuous indignation, scoured all the animals from the island. There is the grim-throated Gun, a kind of rugged shaft in the ground to the sea below, which comes up surging and spouting with prodigious noise in stormy weather. Tory is said to have been originally peopled by a branch of the Fomorians, a giant race of pirates from the north of Africa, who in their turn were descended from the tribes of Canaan expelled by the Israelites. Dennis Diver assured me that the race was much diminished in size, and that when he was a boy the men were much larger; but this I took to be a very simple error in mental perspective. The chief of the Fomorians that settled in Tory Island was one King Balor, who, I was informed by a native, was "King of Italy and Norway, and came to Tory Island to make his love." I found out all about King Balor in a guide to the Donegal Highlands, and how he had a basilisk eye in the back of his head; and I recited it to Dominic in place of his mangled version. He was much interested. Before, he had been sceptical about King Balor, though there were still pointed out the ruined foundations of Balor's castle, and the great crack in the cliff which they called Balor's gaol; but so soon as he knew that it was all really down in a book, there could be no further room for doubt.

I believe the islanders regard their barren rock as a paradise. The community is so much akin to a large family, and the relationships so closely interwoven among them, that it would be impossible to induce them to emigrate or separate from each other. It is most interesting to watch the habits of a community in which, from the mere force of circumstances, social arrangements can hardly be developed into other than domestic forms. A society, in which from time immemorial every unit is more or less intimately acquainted with and related to every other unit, is bound to afford a good deal of interest to an outside observer. With complete absence of temptations to any form of immorality repressible by law, any kind of government is very little necessary for Tory Islanders; and in their wild home they enjoy a curious kind of freedom. They pay no rent, no taxes. Until six years ago they owned no authority, for none was before their eyes, and

almost absolute equality must have reigned among them. But since then they have been under the guidance of the good priest of a religion peculiarly adapted, as it seems to me, to their mental requirements. Before he came, whiskey-distilling, irrepressible by the police of the mainland, was probably very common. But Father O'Donnell has reformed all this, and not a still is known to exist on the island. Besides being their priest he does their business for them, writes their letters, and acts as general interpreter to the outside world in managing their poor little transactions in kelp, dulse, fish, and pigs. Where the clerical office is so varied there is not much necessity for display. It is a quaint and moving sight on a Sunday morning to see the father standing at his chapel door, shaking a common tin hand-bell, while the islanders flock to the service in religious silence, the men brushed and washed, the women with all their cheap finery about them, and if wealthy enough disfiguring the natural grace of their movements by wearing ill-fitting boots which transform them at once from free-stepping daughters of liberty to hobbling hired girls.

For me the days went very pleasantly on Tory Island. At eight Mrs. Diver brought me my breakfast, always consisting of two eggs, tea, a kind of soda-bread (fresh-baked and very eatable), and butter, after which I strolled among the cliffs, to return to my work when I felt disposed. About noon Mrs. Diver would disappear to the back of the house, and a frightful commotion would be heard among the poultry. An hour later a boiled fowl was placed steaming before me, flanked by a dish of questionable potatoes and a jug of milk. Having exercised my jaws over this repast (and the toughness of those fowls still haunts my nightmares), I would go for a protracted stroll with Dominic, which generally ended in a bathe or a row round the cliffs, and return at five o'clock to resume my work. Nothing further happened to interrupt me until nine, when Mrs. Diver appeared with a fish broiled across a pair of togs over a few burning embers to a degree that would bring tears to the eyes of an alderman. After that final meal I usually paid a visit to the lighthouse, to sit up talking and smoking with the watchman, while the great lenses rolled round and the gas jets hissed and flared overhead.

In a little less than a fortnight my work was done. But the wind had risen and I could not go as I pleased. For two days

I watched anxiously for the breaker-lined cliffs of the foreland opposite to appear through the mist and rain. At length it cleared, and I took my seat in the open boat that goes once a week, when it can, to the mainland for letters. Two old women, brightly and bulkily dressed, sat ballast-wise in the bows, fearfully telling their beads and crossing themselves as the boat breasted the waves; and with oar and sail, and a crew of four, we scudded away towards the sandy beach of Maghe-roarty.

As the island grew smaller my heart grew larger, and I thought of my poor friends on that naked rock as I have often thought since. What will become of them as the years roll by? Will they grow and multiply till they too overflow into distant colonies, and go to make new nations?

I think not. Their struggle for existence is mainly with the elements. I saw them in the summer, when the wholesome air is almost food in itself, and their boats can live in the sea to catch daily surfeits of fish; when they can reach the mainland to spend in necessities and cheap luxuries the few shillings hardly earned with the kelp that has been shipped in a passing schooner to Glasgow. But what is their lot in winter? The women and children pining hungry indoors crouching around the spluttering turf that feebly smoulders on the wretched hearth; the men in a chronic condition of being wet through, trying to suck consolatory memories from their empty clay pipes; and the angry sea driving against the cliffs and sending its spray into every nook and crevice in the island. The islanders are a healthy race, and know but little of malignant disease; but a hard winter will sweep off old and young, and almost arrest the growth of life.

And the demon of cold is growing stronger every year. It is a cruel fact, but yet a fact, that not very far in the future the island will be almost without fuel. Bit by bit the last poor remnants of the rich turf which years ago covered the island to the depth of three or four feet are being cut away, down to the very gravel which gets imbedded in it and makes it splutter as it tries to burn. In a few years, I fear, the rock will be as bare of turf as on the day of its upheaval from the sea. Would that, before that time, those sixty or seventy families of hardy Torymen could be transplanted all together to some congenial climate where the race could spread and prosper.

R. W. K. E.

From The Nineteenth Century.

A MEDIÆVAL POPULAR PREACHER.

THE landing of the Franciscan friars in England in 1226 marked the commencement of the most original and significant struggle for a Renaissance we had ever seen. It was remarkable in every way. For significance there had been nothing like it since the coming of St. Augustin, and to match its audacious originality we are driven forward, beyond Wyclif, to the Protestant reformers of the sixteenth century.

Nine Minorites landed at Dover in 1226; by 1272 the order had spread all over the country; forty-nine convents and an army of seventeen hundred and forty-two brethren being the more than respectable total they had attained in less than fifty years. This astonishing result gauges at once the necessities of the time and the efficacy of the measures which St. Francis, *intuitu divino*, had devised to meet them. But there is a broader and deeper proof of their value than that which columns of statistics can afford. The great Franciscan triumph in England was the reclamation of the towns to Christianity, to cleanness of life, and to political intelligence; and it is as sowers there of the seed of the Reformation and the Revolution — as engines, so to speak, of the Renaissance among the masses — that the friars deserve the special recognition they so rarely get. A difficulty, of course, lies in the fact that they worked unconsciously, *chemin faisant*; that, had they possessed the spirit of prophecy as fully as they had the spirit of sincerity and the spirit of love, they might well have hesitated before embarking upon an enterprise so opposed to the mediæval genius, and, apparently, so fraught with danger to the mediæval ideal. Their eminent singleness of aim saved them, however; the Franciscan went about doing good in his naïve, sometimes sentimental, way, serenely blind to the exact consequences of his new departure, and never, to the last, perceived that he had been driving up a wave which should spread and swell and carry him before it, until, bursting in due time, it should inundate the country-side and swamp him and his order irretrievably; finding in them, as a matter of fact, its very first victims. But, be that as it may, it is enough for present purposes to remember that in the year 1350 or thereabouts the Franciscan was the apostle of the towns, and that preaching and teaching were the two great weapons he wielded with such extraordinary results and in such various

fields as the schools of the University of Oxford and the shambles of the City London. Elasticity and power of adaptation to every condition of life were the secrets of his success; and it was the endeavor to cope with accomplished heresy in high places on the one hand, and with disease, vice, and the infidelity born of ignorance and despair on the other, that divided the Minorites of the fourteenth century into two camps, and displayed in the same order such widely differing types as Brother William Occam and Brother Nicholas Bozon.

Brother Nicholas Bozon, Friar Minor, speaks to us again after a sleep of five centuries and a half in the interesting and valuable volume which Miss Toulmin Smith and M. Paul Meyer have recently presented to the Société des Anciens Textes Français and the world.* Certainly nothing could more admirably illustrate the matter and the manner of the popular Franciscan preacher, one of the rank and file, than these "Contes moralisés" of his. Homely, trenchant, pithy, apt, appealing to every instinct of his shrewd but inarticulate audiences; lashing their vices with the manly touch which they would be sure to appreciate; driving home his moral with vivid dialogue, familiar fable, or witty apophthegm; sympathizing with their oppressions and unsparing to their oppressors, he shows himself the friend and fellow of the folk with whom he has cast his lot. Though "competently learned" he is no pedant, though a religious he is no prude; his sermons are full of the milk of human kindness, of milk, moreover, flavored with a large-hearted charity, with the chivalry of his time, and with a rich, bright humor which should prove as charming to the sympathetic student in the nineteenth century as it was inspiring to the hearer in the fourteenth.

Now who *was* Brother Nicholas, and when did he flourish, and where? One only of these questions does he answer us himself. The table of contents of one of the complete MSS. of his book (for there are two, both in this country) ends thus: "Explicit tabula metaphorarum secundum fratrem Nicholaum Bozon de ordine Minorum," and the other two we must solve as best we may from the book itself, or allow the editors, Miss Smith and M. Meyer, to do so for us. These decide,

* Les contes moralisés de Nicole Bozon, Frère Mineur, publiés pour la première fois d'après les manuscrits de Londres et de Cheltenham, par Lucy Toulmin Smith et Paul Meyer. Paris: Firmin-Didot, 1889.

upon what seem sufficient grounds, that the sermons must have been delivered between 1320 and 1350 (certainly before the plague of 1349), and that the preacher was an inhabitant of the shires — Nottingham, Derby, or perhaps Staffordshire. That the name Bozon belonged to a Norfolk county family goes for little, for the Franciscans were constantly recruited from that class,* and, once gathered in, were at the disposal of their warden or minister-general to go whithersoever they should be ordered. Brother Bozon, in obedience to his orders, undoubtedly found himself in the shires, for such local allusions as he makes are all drawn from that part of England. There is the story of the Bishop of Lincoln and the Abbot of Eynsham; there is the anecdote of the unhappy Leicester juggler; and, lastly, there is the comparison of the Saviour to a big river drawing to itself small streams and brooks, where the preacher brings in "Trente" or "Derwent" as his rivers, names he would hardly have used if the Thames or the Severn had been sufficiently familiar to his audiences to be available.

Brother Bozon's collection numbers in all some one hundred and forty-five sermons, or kernels of sermons, and is preserved to us in Norman-French (though they were, of course, preached in English, as the text itself shows), with a liberal sprinkling of English rhymes, proverbs, jokes, and slang, and a profusion of texts from every portion of Scripture, invariably in Latin. The subject-matter is ethical rather than doctrinal; the theology of the simplest kind, without mysticism or dogma. Allegory there is of course. It was the very life of mediæval art and letters. But even the allegory is homely alike in figure and application. We miss the glowing fervor of St. Francis, radiant and ecstatic as a Siennese fresco; there is none of the tender piety of Thomas à Kempis, none of the rapturous faith of St. Bonaventura. But at the same time, if he is not romantic, he is thoroughly wholesome. He is as unlike Chaucer's peddling "Frere," gossiping, and cheating, and filling his stomach, as the canting rogue of Wyclif's invective, or the dirty vagabond whom Latimer so vigorously spurned. Bozon neither cants nor begs; he is as

homespun as his own cowl and as honest as the day.

Occasionally, it is true, he enjoins penance, but far more often administers consolation; alms, he tells us, are good for the soul, but better suffering and continence. On this point he has a story. There was a rich man once who was passing charitable but too prone to indulging his body, for he would scarce so much as fast on Friday, and never got up in the morning or did anything to interfere with his comfort, but grounded all his hopes of salvation upon his alms-giving. At last he was taken sick and was at the point to die. And as he lay in a trance it seemed to him that Jesus Christ himself asked of several of the spirits as they passed out of the world what they had done on earth for his service. "Ha, ha," thought he, "I have got my answer ready, for I have given alms freely of my goods." But when our Saviour came to him, he did not ask him, "What hast thou done?" but what trials he had endured for his sake. The man was silent and at last answered, "I have suffered nothing for thee; Lord, I cry thee mercy, but the few things I have given for thee are what I trust to." But the Lord would have nothing of it.

Just in the same way he passes from the efficacy of masses to sing the praises of a chaste body and a pure heart. As his editor says, most of his work, "est d'une morale assez vulgaire, parfois passablement égoïste, tendant plutôt à une réforme sociale qu'à la perfection religieuse," and his method is as simple as his creed or his ethics. A lover of nature, like all his order, he begins with a disquisition of the properties of some animal or vegetable or mineral, thence passes to its allegorical significance, its bearing on religion, politics, or morals; lastly, he rivets it in its place by a wise saw, a modern instance, a homely fable, or a bright piece of dialogue quite in his own manner. Take a case where the preacher is expounding the well-worn theme "*quod dulcedo verborum multos fallit*." This is how he goes to work:—

The philosopher [Pliny] says in his book that there is a fish in the sea called *faste*, whose nature is such that it sweetens the salt waters as they enter its mouth, whereby it deceives the little fishes, which follow the sweetness coming out of its mouth, and as soon as they come near enough to him are presently swallowed up. And many persons now are in the like case; for by sweet words of flattery they draw simple folk to put their trust in them, who, when they have done so,

* St. Francis, indeed, unlike his great predecessor St. Benedict, preferred to draw his followers from the higher classes. To become a Minorite the candidate must be "whole of body and prompt of mind; not in debt; not a bondman born; not unlawfully begotten; of good name and fame, and competently learned."

find them quite other than they had imagined. And so it was once upon a time with the monkey and the bear.

The natural history is naïve enough. The fable which follows is admirable.

The monkey showed his little one to the lion and begged him to give his opinion upon it. The lion answered: "Your son is all of a piece with yourself: just as much pleasure as profit." The monkey departed in a fume and went to the bear and asked what *he* thought about the young hopeful. "Hey," cried the bear, "is that the beautiful child every one is talking about?" "Yes," said the monkey, "that's the very one." "Pray," said the bear, "allow me to kiss the darling whom I have so longed to see." And the monkey saying, "This is my true friend and well-wisher after all," the bear took the little one in his arms and ate him up. "Alas!" cried the monkey, "fie upon sweet words and bitter actions." Wherefore, says Solomon very wisely, Prov. xxvii., "Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

Here we have a moral as trite as the emblem is bald, but the whole enforced and made memorable by just such a little relation as would best serve; familiar, dramatic, full of humor; and good humor, too.

There is no doubt that Bozon suited his preaching to his audience and was studiously simple. For himself he seems to have been sufficiently well equipped for higher work. He evidently had his Bible at his fingers' ends and always quotes it with judgment and point. His knowledge of classical and mediæval literature, though not profound, is respectable; he quotes Pliny, Dioscorides, and Aristotle of the ancients; he knows the "Gestes" of Alexander and of Charles, and, apparently, the "Gesta Romanorum;" he cites "le noble clerke Avicenne" and "le bon clerke Basilius." Isidore, St. Bernard, St. Gregory, the book of Barlaam and Josaphat, Beda, and St. Ambrose close the list of works or authors which, if he has not read, he has at any rate read about, though, as pointed out by the editors, he has borrowed freely from other fabulists of his time — Eudo of Cheriton, Bartholomew de Glanvill, Jacques de Vitri, and others. Not a profound, though, for his purposes, an adequate scholar, for it must of course be remembered that scholarship was less important to him than facts, and that, as well as educating, he had by turns to reprove and encourage his flock, and could in no case afford to abandon that *bonhomie* which became a proverbial adjective to apply to his order.

No better example of Bozon at his best can perhaps be taken than §120 of his "Contes." It is just a little vulgar, but I am afraid vulgarity was occasionally profitable in revivalism, and Bozon was nothing if not a revivalist. He begins thus: —

The pig and the ass live not the same life, for the pig in his generation does no good, but eats and swills and sleeps; but when he is dead, then do men make much of him. The ass is hard at work all his days, and does good service to many; but when he dies there is no profit. And that is the way of the world. Some do no good thing while they live, but eat and drink and wax fat in the courts and castles of their time; and then they are dragged off to the larder of hell, and others enrich themselves with their goods. Whereby I know well that the folk who, for God's sake, have vowed themselves to holy poverty will never lack substance, because their Heavenly Father has pigs to kill. For as the good man before the season will kill a pig or two to give puddings and chitterlings to his children, so will our Lord kill those hardened sinners before their time to give their goods to the children of God.

Hereupon he quotes the fifty-fifth Psalm to the effect that "the bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days," which he very sensibly explains is because they never do any work to keep their bodies healthy. "Nothing," he says, "is so healthful in this life for body and soul as honest work;" and he goes on to sing the virtues of work in words true and eloquent enough, as M. Meyer says, to be in the Scriptures, though as a fact they are not there. Work is the life of man, the warden of health; work flies the occasion of sin and makes a man to be of good heart; of feebleness it is the strength, of sickness the health, of men the salvation; quickener of the senses, foe of sloth, nurse of happiness, a duty in the young, and in the old a merit. Therefore, he concludes, be rather an ass than a pig.

To the downtrodden masses who swarmed in the slums of the mediæval towns, ignorant beyond belief but possessing a lurking mother-wit which found expression in many a caustic proverb and shrewd distich; sunk in vice and bodily excess, but withal modest and continent when their better nature had play; horribly oppressed and beginning dimly to be conscious of it, here was the kind of talk which might reprove them of sin and of righteousness and of judgment, this was the kind of teacher to herald the coming emancipation in which the people he had

taught should play their part. As to the tyranny of the masters he is bold to speak. A bishop, overbearing to his inferiors and cringing to those put in authority, is like the snail who sticks out his horns jauntily so long as he is alone or has his own way, but directly he is confronted or crossed draws them in and hides himself. The poor, however, come in for their fair share of his whip; "insensate servants," as he calls them (for instance), who are forever changing masters hoping to "better themselves," he likens to the goat who wanders from pasture to pasture hoping it may prove richer but mayhap finding it worse. "And the more often they change the more widely are they known for fools." Then follows a witty little story. The mavis met the starling on the seashore. "Where are you going; where are you going?" said the mavis. "Over sea," replied the starling. "And pray what is that for?" went on the mavis. "Why, I have killed a dove and I am ashamed because the other doves are in sad trouble about it." "Where is the weapon," said the mavis, "which has done all this wrong?" "It is my beak," replied the starling. "Oh, that's it, is it?" said the mavis; "get off home with you again; it's better to be ashamed of yourself in one country than in half-a-dozen." But all his real sympathies are with the poor and the oppressed, and he is never tired of inveighing against the tyrannical vices of the rich; their arrogance, their covetousness, their time-serving and the like. The devil's terrible dogs, four couple of them — *Richer* and *Wilemyn*, *Havegyf* and *Baudewyn*, *Tristewell* and *Gloffyn*, *Beauviz* and *Trebelyn*,* will hunt them down, and be sure their master will be in at the death. In another place he likens them to the three rogues *Croket*, *Hoket*, and *Loket*, who persuaded the poor countryman that he was carrying a dog to market instead of a lamb, and when at last he threw it away, made off with it to their own profit. Nevertheless he feels that a gentleman is a gentleman after all, and with true democratic instinct despises your bourgeois. He relates how the sparrowhawk agreed with the owl to bring up his son for him, and received him into his

nest with his own young ones. When he arrived the sparrowhawk told him what he was to do, and how he was to imitate the little hawks, and then off he flew to seek food for his nest. Coming back he found it foully soiled with ordure, "What's the meaning of this?" he asked. "Who has done this?" "It was your foster-son," said the young hawks. "Ah well," said the sparrowhawk, "the English saw is true enough: 'Stroke oule and schrape (scrape) oule and evere is oule oule.'" He has all the fourteenth century love of chivalry and good manners; the Psalmist is "le curteys rey David," and, as such, a man after the mediæval God's own heart; the dolphin is a type of honorable continence, for when he finds a man dead at the bottom of the sea he knows by instinct whether, when he was alive, he had ever eaten a dolphin. And if he has never eaten one, then it seems to him that the man has not deserved it of the race of dolphins that he himself should be eaten. Therefore, however hungry he may be, he will not touch that body, but with all the courtesy of his nature drags it back to the land again. "If you want to be well-grounded in courtesy and charity, go to the eagle," says Bozon, "and be wise." For the eagle is followed from place to place by a flock of birds who share the prey he catches; and the eagle takes what he wants and gives the rest away, and, hungry or not, will never enjoy his prize alone. So should the rich use towards those of mean estate. He enforces this doctrine with such a pretty tale that at the risk of being tedious I must give it.

A little child came upon a figure of Our Lady standing in a minster, holding her Child in her arms. And taking it to be alive the child offered Him of the bread which he held in his hand. And when he saw that He would not take it he began to cry softly to himself and to say, "Little companion, share with me for the love of God." Hereupon a voice answered from out the image and said, "Little companion, now I may not eat with thee, but soon thou shalt come to Me to eat and to play and to rest." And afterwards, on the third day, some neighbors heard the voice and asked what it might mean; and the child told them that his Playmate had said that He would come and play with him. And presently the child fell sick and died three days after.

It is more especially in stories like this that the gentle fancy of St. Francis and the tender sentiment of the mediæval religion peep out. But all are, I think, characteristic of the Franciscan missionaries, their thoughts and manners of ex-

* The names in their antique guise are not very obvious. "Richer" should probably read "Riches;" "Wilemyn" in another author is "Evilmyne," and signifies "Self-will;" "Havegyf" is "Preneg-edonnes" or "Give-and-take;" "Baudewyn," "Fool-hardihood;" "Tristewell," "Confidence;" "Beauviz" is "Beau visage," and "Trebelyn," "Usury;" "Gloffyn" I cannot interpret — the word is evidently much corrupted.

pression. To estimate exactly the work done by such a friar as Bozon among a people to whom such simple and natural talk would appeal, it would be necessary to translate the book and to look out for others like it. Documents to lay bare the grovelling and distressful condition of the towns in the Middle Ages are wanting, and until we can fully measure the disease we cannot appreciate the physician. In the economy of progress, the friar diffused what the monk had amassed. And as he scattered with one hand, so with the other did he bestow upon the populace the freedom to avail themselves of his liberality. For the Franciscan ideal, however blurred by course of time, always was Christ Himself, Christ the Brother rather than Christ the God; and nothing in their history is finer than their acute and delicate perception of his essential character, and, as a consequence of that, their ardent desire to give freely out of what they felt they had so abundantly received.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

From Longman's Magazine.
ON THE FIGHTING INSTINCT.

THE student of nature is generally, if not universally, supposed to be the very incarnation of peace, and a well-developed organ of combativeness is considered decidedly out of place in happy Arcadie.

Nevertheless, the earth is one vast battleground, where all things living struggle for "the survival of the fittest" — that great and inexorable law from whose influence even the proud race of man is not exempt.

To the poet, perhaps, yon level field, where the offspring of the milky mothers gambol, is a playground of young mammals, where peace spreads her palm and happiness reigns supreme. His more prosaic brother admits the beauty of the pastoral scene, but does not lose sight of the fact that these frolicsome gambols are but a war game — the embryo of sterner trials of strength, where horns shall clash, and skulls crack like eggshells, in the contest for supremacy. In the playground he hears but an echo of the field of Mars, and sees in every sport the shadow of the god of war.

I do not wish to demoralize you, gentle reader, with *horrida bella* as practised in the bull-ring; the boxing-match "with two-ounce gloves;" the cockpit, where steel-spurred *Gallinææ* strike each other

dead in order that the money of fools may pass to the pockets of knaves. The men, not the animals, make these things brutal; so we will stroll together far from the vulgar crowd; and if, perchance, during our rural rambles we happen upon a battle of pigmy heroes, conducted fairly and honorably, why, I don't see why we should incontinently flee the sight.

There is an instinct somewhere in the gentlest soul which thrills responsive to the trump of war (resent it not, oh, fair ones!), for I have not seldom seen a look which was not all disgust and horror gleam from a maiden's eyes when dogs or errand-boys have engaged in mortal combat, and rolled in dust and fury on the sidewalk. The genius of chivalry cannot exist wholly distinct from the din of arms, and would surely starve on arbitration, even though conducted with the tongues of men and angels.

We are civilized in Europe now, and we do not want to fight; but we ostentatiously show our claws, and then complacently wait in armed neutrality, save when barbarians appear. Then we whet our blades, and how gloriously we can do and die! — the latter event being in diamond type! Are we much better for our horror of bloodshed?

Is not the pen mightier than the sword? And with it are we not daily slaying — and worse than slaying — better men than ourselves, whilst we skulk behind a *nom de plume*, and dodge a law of libel which smilingly permits one to call a man a *liar*, and devours us relentlessly if we hint that he may be a *rogue*? Are we not literary assassins? Yet it is mean to hit a man below the belt, or to shoot him from behind a wall.

Is chivalry dead? and has the penman slain it? However, we have not yet developed a daily press for the beasts of the field; for the simple reason that they would not appreciate it sufficiently to make it a financial success, despite Sir John Lubbock's patient efforts towards the higher development of the mind canine; so, perhaps fortunately for them, the law of force prevails, the finest specimens of each class survive, and the weaker go to the wall, or, perchance, the stomachs of their stronger brethren.

I think the Rev. J. G. Wood was the first to draw attention to the extraordinary fighting capabilities of moles. These clumsy, and apparently almost blind, masses of fur and sinew, can occasionally become fiends incarnate, veritable subterranean tigers; and with such energy do

they attack each other that, utterly ignoring the presence of man, they will rough-and-tumble at his very feet, their enormously muscular little limbs working convulsively, and bones audibly cracking beneath the pressure of their jaws. No one who has not witnessed a tourney of this nature would credit the extraordinary activity and fury which is here displayed, for, unless they are forcibly parted, the battle seldom leaves both combatants in the land of the living.

Hedgehogs are occasionally cannibalistic, the larger ones, when hard up for a dinner, chasing the smaller at a wonderful rate, and devouring them without sauce or mercy when caught and conquered. Curiously enough, the vanquished animal seldom employs its strongest means of defence against its own species. When attacked by dogs or foxes, it rolls up into the well-known ball form, presenting an almost impenetrable *chevaux de frise* to the nose and mouth of the aggressor, who, if he be a dog, not unfrequently departs annoyed and discomfited; although the fox, more cunning than his domesticated cousin, just bundles him off to the nearest pond, drops him in, and, when he indulges in a not unnatural natatory effort, quietly snaps him up. Perhaps the "urchin" deems that his trick won't pay when employed against a veteran, who knew how to curl himself up before the younger brother was born. Anyhow, he never attempts it, and the larger animal, holding him down by superior weight, placidly gnaws the foot or ear which comes most handy to his teeth, taking his time over it, and putting the poor little beastie to a lingering and torturous death. When they encounter their match, these creatures snort defiance, and, sticking all their spines on end, jump sideways, each endeavoring to prick his adversary, and looking out keenly for an exposed leg, which, when once captured, is held on to with the pertinacity of a bulldog.

Hares and rabbits confine their manœuvres chiefly to a succession of vigorous kicks, delivered by the hind legs in the act of jumping over each other. A fight between two hares is a droll sight, appearing much like a jumping-match, the skipping exercise being kept up with tremendous energy and *verve*; but a blow from the leg of a hare is no laughing matter for the recipient, who occasionally finds himself knocked out of the world altogether. Nor is puss always as timid as we describe her.

Once, when taking a constitutional in

a Hampshire lane, I heard a shrill cry, the prelude to the appearance of a half-grown leveret, which tumbled down the bank in company with a large animal of the ferret kind, probably a polecat, which had fastened on its neck, and was making short work of it, despite the desperate struggles of the victim.

Pity prompted me to come to the rescue; but I had barely commenced to obey the impulse, when, with a grunt and a scamper, a full-grown hare leapt through the gap, and attacked the polecat with the utmost ferocity. The latter, loth to lose a good dinner, took up an attitude of defence and defiance, but was immediately knocked over by a well-planted and resounding kick. Recovering itself, it gathered its limbs for a spring, and threw itself repeatedly upon the rodent, dodging, feinting, and guarding with lightning rapidity. The hare, however, was fairly roused to fury, for, seizing an unguarded moment, she bowled over the vermin with a tremendous blow, and, following up her advantage before it could recover itself, drummed upon it until the life was well-nigh driven out of its body.

But the vitality of these creatures is wonderful, and, finding itself close to a small hole beneath the roots of an overhanging oak, it sneaked in and was lost to view; whilst puss, having cut a caper or two by way of a *pas de guerre*, withdrew with her wounded offspring, and I saw her no more.

Yet these representatives of the order *Mustellidæ* are hard fighters, for a friend of mine once witnessed a duel between an old grey rat and a weasel which lasted nearly an hour, and resulted in the annihilation of the former. The rat fought with great pluck and determination, but his antagonist was too much for him, and drew blood at every bite; whilst the rat, which displayed the utmost activity, rushing in again and again, failed to make much impression upon the yielding hide of the weasel. The latter fought in a very undemonstrative manner, appearing to act mostly upon the defensive; but his sharp teeth played havoc with the firm body of the rat, which finally retreated into a bundle of fagots, followed by the weasel. A great deal of scuffling and squeaking ensued, after which the rat was driven out into the open, and there killed. The weasel was, however, too exhausted to leave the spot, and the stick of the spectator made short work of him.

Weasels are fond of hunting in packs, at which time they are very ferocious, and,

emboldened by numbers, have been known to attack men who have had the temerity to oppose their advance. They will track hares with the utmost perseverance, a chase sometimes lasting an entire day, and generally concluding with the capture of the wearied animal and a good supper for the weasels.

On open spaces and well-trodden meadow-paths one often finds the body of the little shrew-mouse. He is a hard fighter, and is said to fight all his duels *à la mort*; from which circumstance it is supposed by some that he selects these level spaces for combat. It has, however, been discovered that birds of prey are fond of catching and killing these little animals, and being for some reason best known to themselves unable to stomach the mousy morsels, deposit them in great numbers upon open spaces. Probably both causes combine to account for the numbers of the slain, for the combativeness of the creatures is admitted on all sides.

Amongst the *Gallinaceæ*, the pheasant may be considered "cock of the roost," for he will boldly enter the farmyard, and settle the military-looking barn-door fowl in a trice. Even the gamecock fares but little better, despite his superior agility. And hereby hangs a tale.

One fine morning a Wiltshire farmer was contemplating a field hard by his farmyard, at the farther side of which was a copse, the abode of pheasants. A fine gamecock, his special pride, was also taking a morning stroll, and occasionally lifting up his voice in praise of his own exploits and in deprecation of those of his neighbors. Suddenly, upon him came a loud whirr, a blaze of color streaming from the copse, and, whilst chanticleer was yet in the midst of his jubilation, he found himself turning a double somersault upon the grass. In vain he recovered himself, summoning all his energies to the fray; he was knocked over like a ninepin, and was soon scurrying full pelt for the shelter of the farm buildings, the triumphant cock-pheasant in full cry, capsizing him every dozen yards, and following him right into the yard, where, had not the farmer arrived upon the scene, it would soon have gone hard with his pugnacious favorite.

On the following morning *Phasianus colchicus* again came down from the woods, and, willy nilly, engaged chanticleer upon his own ground. But Agricola had been before him; a pair of steel spurs altered the situation, and the gaudy champion of

the woods soon figured with bread sauce on the farmer's table.

It was an unfair advantage, I admit, but the want of chivalry lay at the farmer's door, and must not be placed to the account of the fighting-cock.

Partridges are very poor fighters; but their lack of prowess is more than made up for by their drollery. The mode of procedure is as follows:—

When two partridges meet on the war-trail, they rush wildly up to within a foot of each other, and then commence to leap up and down as though they formed the extremities of an invisible see-saw. Presently one becomes tired, and, turning, runs as for his very life across the plain, followed by the other in fierce pursuit. When No. 1 has had enough running, he turns, and the see-saw process recommences, to be followed generally by the retreat of No. 2; and so on *ad infinitum*. Occasionally one of the warriors loses an eye; but this may be regarded as an accidental occurrence, probably equally deplored by aggressor and aggrieved.

Amongst smaller birds, perhaps none wage war more desperately than the domesticated robin. It is said that he is guilty of parricide, the young ones chasing and slaying the parent before twelve months have passed over their youthful heads. Their first plumage is brown, but afterwards red — perhaps a Cain-mark, to distinguish them for their evil deeds! They follow up their battles with great pertinacity, and so frantic, and lost to all sense of outer danger do they become, that on two occasions I have picked them up, and held them in my hand, where they lay panting, but still holding on to each other with bills and talons. Once two of these tiny gladiators fell from a tree under which I was discussing the good fare of a picnic, and, utterly ignoring the situation, finished their argument in my lap.

An invalid friend of mine was amused for six consecutive days by the antics of two robins, which came regularly at 10.30 A.M. and fought a duel on the lawn outside his window. The combat invariably lasted until one or other became too exhausted to recover his legs, whereupon the victor would seize him and triumphantly drag him round the inclosure. The birds were so much alike in size and color that he was unable to satisfy himself as to whether the same bird always conquered; but neither seemed seriously hurt, and after the sixth day they vanished, and he saw them no more.

The same gentleman, who was a close

observer of nature, has a recollection of two cats which advanced daily from opposite ends of a long and lofty wall, and, meeting in the middle, fought with great fury until one or both were precipitated to the ground below, upon which the fight ceased immediately, the combatants remounting the wall, and basking peacefully side by side in the sunshine.

It would be interesting to know whether these cats fought for a wager, or simply to relieve the monotony of existence. There was, apparently, no lady in the case, for none appeared on the scene; and amongst the *Felidae* it is usual for the disputed fair one to watch the fight from some point of vantage, which she does with an expression of ennui and lack of interest which it would be difficult to beat.

It would require a pen more eloquent than mine to describe Behemoth on the battlefield, or those great aerial combats where the snowy breasts of swan-legions redden beneath the talons of the monarch of the skies, or where Corvus the crow, wheeling his dusky squadrons, descends like a living thunder-cloud upon some fated rookery, dealing destruction in his course; but I may be permitted to conclude with two anecdotes, one displaying the cautious cunning of the *Arachnida*, and the other proving, to my mind, a strongly developed chivalrous instinct in the brute.

In a pear-tree outside my window were two webs, inhabited by geometrical spiders of about equal bigness. For some reason or other the uppermost spider developed a strong feeling of animosity against the lower one, and this finally became so irresistible that he descended, with intent to do grievous bodily harm. Spider No. 2 was in no whit afraid, but struck an attitude expressive of defiance, and waited for the attack, which was not long in coming. No. 1 crept gingerly across the leaves to the edge of No. 2's web, which he seized and shook, at first tentatively, but afterwards with vigor. The owner, who was seated, after the manner of spiders, in the centre of his habitation, replied by violently oscillating his web and himself for the space of a minute, with such energy as to become almost invisible, owing to the speed of the vibrations.

Directly he ceased, the attacking force gave another strong pull, and advanced an inch or two farther into the web. Upon this the oscillation was repeated, to be again followed by another pull and advance. This having taken place three or

four times, the defender lost patience, and, seeing his opportunity, dashed at the intruder, and a smart scuffle ensued, in which the invader got decidedly the worst of it, and was apparently going to receive the *coup de grâce*, when, to my extreme surprise, he suddenly swung out some eighteen inches from the web by means of a line which he had conveyed with him from the next branch, to which he betook himself for a rest. Presently, being refreshed, he descended, and, still carrying his line, crept along the bough as before, renewed the battle, lost a leg, and again swung into mid-air and safety. A small bead of moisture exuded from the wounded member; but, indifferent to his hurts, he returned again and again to the charge, and it was not until after he had received many wounds that he finally departed to his own domain. But for the means of swift retreat provided by his line, he must have fallen a prey to the gallant little defender, who would undoubtedly have chased and slain him had he only trusted to his legs when compelled to retire.

The Newfoundland dog is a particular favorite of mine. He is the most magnanimous fellow in the world, and small dogs may insult him with impunity unless a river happens to be near, when one too venturesome and impudent will sometimes experience an involuntary bath.

On one occasion lately, a particularly fine one was sitting on a wooden bridge discussing a bone, when a predatory mastiff came along, and being unable or unwilling to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*, a smart altercation arose. So violent became the debate that both suddenly overbalanced and fell into the stream beneath. The nearest landing-place was a hundred yards down, and to it the Newfoundland betook himself without much difficulty, and, after a good shake, was preparing to depart, when he suddenly became aware that the other dog, who was more of a soldier than a sailor, was wildly beating the water, and drowning as fast as he could drown. One look was enough. In went he of the shaggy coat, and seizing the other by the collar, brought his late enemy safe to land. The two dogs then eyed each other with a perfectly indescribable expression for some seconds, then silently and solemnly wagged their caudal appendages, and with dignity departed.

Some will, no doubt, say that this was but instinct; and they may be right, but I prefer to give my four-footed friend the benefit of the doubt.

J. A. BARTLETT.

From The Fortnightly Review.
GOETHE'S LAST DAYS.

WITH A DOCUMENT HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

AN eminent French critic has lately taken upon himself to rebuke the passion for unpublished documents—valuable or valueless—which is a disease of the present time, *la fureur*, as he terms it, *de l'inédit*. With much that M. Brunetière has said persons who care more for literature than for trivialities of pseudo-scholarship are likely to agree. But I do not think that I shall be expected to offer an apology for printing for the first time a record of the circumstances attending the death of the most illustrious writer of Germany which has come into my hands, and which, though it adds little to the knowledge we had previously possessed, has the interest of being a contemporary document written in English by an honest and intelligent man, having good opportunities for acquiring information.

The writer, Dr. Wilhelm Weissenborn, was thirty-three years of age at the date of Goethe's death. He held for a time the position of *Gymnasial-lehrer* and afterwards *gymnasial professor* at Eisenach. For several years, from 1821 onwards, he lived in Weimar, "where he worked," I am told, "at the Landes-Industrie Comptoir." "He has the merit," writes Goethe's biographer, Düntzer, in a letter to my friend, Mr. Lyster, the translator of Düntzer's "Life of Goethe," "of being the author of an excellent Latin grammar for schools (1838) and the editor of an important school edition of Livy in six volumes. From 1838 to 1842 I had a correspondence with the admirable (*tüchtigen*) man on the 'Latin Grammar,' but we never came to speak of Goethe." It is evident from letters of Weissenborn, which are in my possession, that he gave lessons to the occasional English residents in Weimar who desired to learn German. The friend to whom the letters are addressed had been one of these pupils, and in 1832 was an *attaché* to the English legation at Berlin. Possibly the future author of "Vanity Fair," and of "Fitz-Boodle's Confessions" was another pupil. "I look into your last letter" writes Weissenborn (May 1, 1833), "and find to my utter contrition that you want to know little Thackeray's direction at Paris. If he have the organ of adhesiveness sufficiently developed for the occasion to keep him at the same house in the same city till now, he is still drawing both breath and caricatures at the Hôtel Lille, in Rue Richelieu.

He wrote to me that he intended to stay at Paris for the winter. Now there's no knowing when that season ends, but I believe the other one has not begun yet. If you should write to him, remember me kindly to this old friend of ours. I remember now that I have given you the same direction already about the latter end of October last year."

Weissenborn's interest in literature and in Goethe as a great poet was real and intelligent; the manuscript poems of his own contained in his letters are not without merit; but he had unfortunately allowed himself to be prejudiced against Goethe as a man, and he never sought that personal acquaintance which would probably have caused his suspicions and alienation to vanish as morning ground-mists disappear before the summer sun. Of Goethe's private character he thought unfavorably; Goethe's teaching he looked upon as a dangerously subtle form of Epicureanism; but Weissenborn honored Goethe's genius, and was a manly and open antagonist. "Have you read the 'Second Part of Faust'?" he asks. "It is a very curious production, and though many may think of Horace's

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,

I think we must be grateful for having the worldly Gospel of the Germans complete. It abounds in splendid wit and invention, and the language is music throughout; the sirens sing quite in character. I find that the *old women* are particularly incensed against it, because many of them find their own portraits too well drawn to be mistaken in the *Lamiæ* and *Empusæ*, and there are even men who think it rather too gross that the devil's attention is withdrawn from his prey (Faust's soul) by the well-formed limbs of the angels. I believe nobody ought to drink spirits unless he has got a stomach that will stand them; and though I be still of opinion that Goethe has sown in the hearts of men more weeds than the present generation is able to destroy by the knowledge he has put in their heads, yet I trust the good will, in the progress of time, far outweigh the evil, and in despite of my own insignificance I am sometimes painfully remembered of Goethe's words:—

Was räucherst Du nun Deinen Todten?
Hättst Du's ihm so im Leben geboten!

But I am sure I have *his* forgiveness.*

* I owe some of my information respecting Weissenborn to inquiries kindly made on my behalf of Dr. von Scheffler by Sir W. W. Hunter.

With these notes and explanations the reader will be able to place the following letter aright among Goethe's documents and assign their true value to the opinions which it expresses.

MY DEAR —,

Göthe became ill of his last disease on the 16th of this month; it was a catarrhal fever, which, however, yielded to the proper medicines so soon that in the evening of the 17th he declared to Mr. Vogel* his willingness to begin again next day his wonted occupations. Already his friends thought that all danger was over, when on the night between the 19th and 20th he was seized with a violent rigor that lasted for ten hours, attended with severe pains in the abdomen. When Vogel arrived he administered remedies that effected a reaction, evinced by profuse perspiration, but not sufficient for removing all the bad symptoms. From this time the illness took a dangerous character, though the patient did not suffer much. On the 21st, in the morning, there could already be perceived symptoms of approaching dissolution; his limbs began to become cold, the expression of his countenance was less lively, and the features altered, in consequence of paralysis of the lungs, as the physician stated. The night between the 21st and 22nd was passed partly in slumber, but life was fast drawing to its close. In the morning between seven and eight he *walked* (since he sat during the whole illness in his armchair) to the adjoining room, where he bid his grandchildren be cheerful, since he felt much better, and hoped to pass a very pleasant summer. He then walked back, supported by two friends as formerly, and sat with a hurried respiration and in a state approaching to stupor, from which he would recover now and then and talk more or less coherently; his words indicated that he felt no pain. For instance, he wanted the curtains to be removed from the windows; he asked the servant to bring him a letter-cover for despatching a letter that was not written; he wanted to read Salvandy's newest publication.† About an hour and a half before his death he bid his daughter-in-law go out of the room, and asked his servant how much money he had made with the manuscripts he had stolen from him; and after a pause said, "You have certainly not stolen them in order to make presents." In the last hour of his life he was continually writing with his forefinger on his thigh, viz., characters that seemed to be his signature, as he began always with the letter W (Wolfgang Göthe). By eleven o'clock almost all movement stopped; he reclined on his armchair, and expired [at] a quarter past eleven, without other agonies but those occasioned by a few struggles against suffocation. Madame de Göthe has told a friend that he died whilst holding her hand in

his, leaning with his face on her bosom, and looking steadfastly at her, so that she perceived what she thinks was his last moment only by a sort of tremor pervading his system.

I may here mention a few interesting circumstances which I forgot to speak of in their chronological order. Göthe's last words were directed to his daughter-in-law (who has nursed him tenderly during his whole illness), and bore the expression of perfect serenity. They were, "Komm, mein Töchterchen, und gieb mir ein Pfüthen,"* terms that he was in the habit of using when uncommonly gentle and good humored. His last written verses were destined for Countess Vaudreuil,† but found a different destination in going to Jenny Papenheim.‡ The reason was this: Göthe was very partial for Countess Vaudreuil, who is young, beautiful, intelligent, and, as far as is consistent with feminine delicacy, uncommonly frank in expressing and maintaining her opinions (but do not think that I am in love with her!). She was often in company with him, and he showed his attention for her by sending her different curiosities of which he knew she was fond. He promised her likewise his portrait, and she made a similar promise. About six weeks ago Countess Vaudreuil got painted for herself Miss Papenheim's portrait and her own, both being so strikingly like that her husband thought fit to have the Countess's portrait copied. Göthe, who had heard of the proceedings, held a couple of verses ready with which to receive the Countess's portrait; but as only Jenny's portrait was sent to him for the present, and for mere inspection, he decided that these verses must belong to Pap. However the last verses which he shaped in his head incontestably belong to Countess Vaudreuil. He received his copy of her portrait on the day before his death, when he was no more able to write, though he expressed a wish to do so, and said that the verses were quite ready in his head. The leading thought in them was probably expressed in the words which he uttered whilst looking at the portrait, "Ich freue mich dass der Mensch nicht verpfuscht hat was Gott so schön geschaffen hat."§

Some persons, being in the adjoining room at the time of Göthe's death, pretend that they heard a tune, as if played by a large band of music. This music, however, cannot have been very celestial, as the same persons allege in corroboration of their statement that they sent over to the next houses to inquire why

* Literally, "Come, my little daughter, and give me a little paw."

† The Countess Vaudreuil was the wife of the French *chargé d'affaires* at Weimar.

‡ Jenny von Papenheim, daughter of General von Papenheim, was one of the court beauties of Weimar. On Goethe's last birthday she sent him a pair of slippers which she had embroidered, together with some verses "Zum 28 August 1831" (see Goethe-Jahrbuch, vi., p. 172). Goethe was gratified and sent his thanks in verse; the lines may be found in the Hempel edition of Goethe's works, vol. iii., p. 367.

§ "I rejoice that man has not spoilt what God has made so fair."

* Goethe's physician.

† Seize Mois, ou la Révolution de 1830 et les Révolutionnaires.

the noise was made. Some persons find it very curious that Göthe died on the beginning of Spring, and I might think it very strange that he actually died on my birthday, and who could contradict me if I maintained that he did so at the very same hour when I was born? Who but my parents, who would not perhaps expose their dear child? There exists likewise a portrait of Göthe, where he sits in his armchair with a clock on the desk before him showing the time to be half past eleven! Dabit Deus his quoque finem.

When this great life was extinguished the busy people about Göthe's corpse began to quarrel whether his body ought to be publicly exhibited. The ultras maintained that it was profanation to expose those divine features (which, according to the expression of one of his admirers, glowed, a few hours after death, with the reflection of all the characters portrayed in Göthe's works—Mephistopheles not excepted) to the dull eyes of the mob. But to the chief supporter of this opinion it was objected that when the late Grand Duke died, he had himself been instrumental in causing the country an expense of 50,000 dollars to have the corpse exhibited, on the plea that what had been so glorious in life, and so eminent in character, ought to be honored after death by all the externals that mortals could bestow; and the Whig party carried off the victory. The corpse was exhibited on the 26th between eight and one o'clock in Göthe's own house, the back gateway having been transformed into a sort of chapel. He lay with a laurel crown on his head, and a gown of white satin covering his breast. Over and behind him there were three golden stars, and beneath these different emblems, among which the lyre was the most prominent feature. Near the sides of his bed there burnt numbers of wax-candles, and behind the latter stood a honorary guard of four men on each side, numbers of friends to the sciences and arts relieving each other. The expression of his countenance had much of truly majestic in it, and I thought he looked more like an old warrior than anything else.

I now come to speak about his funeral. The day after his death there was circulated a manuscript regulation about the order of the procession and solemnity couched in the following terms:—

"Arrangements with respect to the funeral of the late Minister of the State, His Excellency Mr. de Göthe, on the 26th of March, 1832.

"In the afternoon at four o'clock for the first time, and at half past four o'clock for the second time, the great bells of both steeples will be rung; and at five o'clock, when the procession will move from the house of the defunct, all the bells will toll until the coffin will be arrived at the chapel of the burial-ground. The persons that wish to join in the procession will be at Göthe's house at half past four. The funeral procession will be formed in the following order: [I omit the

list of functionaries, which may be found in Dr. K. W. Müller's "Goethe's letzte literarische Thätigkeit, etc.," pp. 87-89.] As soon as the coffin is taken from the carriage the chorus begins to sing the verses (which I subjoin; they were originally composed by Göthe for the funeral solemnity that took place at the Lodge of the Freemasons on the late Grand Duke's death: they are exceedingly beautiful, in my opinion, but leave us very little hope of a future existence as individuals; Herder would never have written such verses although the evident, and it seems not accidental, *double entendre* of the last two lines allows of an interpretation favorable to the hopes of a future state. The music is by Zelter at Berlin.* Then follows the funeral speech by Röhr; then a short song of Riemer (on the other side of the leaf), the music by Hummel.† Afterwards all the people present, except a few officers of the court, will leave the Chapel."

The funeral took place, as much as I could observe, in the above order. However, it was to be lamented that one of the carriages looked more like an old post-wagon (and probably was one) than a carriage belonging to the funeral, and the mob behaved very ill; boys with pastry (Bretzeln) went about, tinkling with their bells, and on the cemetery there was great confusion and unbecoming merriment, so that the whole looked more like a Catholic saint's day and procession than the funeral of Göthe.

On the following day there was Tasso acted, and a Prologue spoken, by whom I know not, but I'll try to learn it before I send this letter.‡ Numbers of persons who had better saw wood or knit stockings rack their brains with a view to erect eternal monuments to the honor of Göthe, and a lady of rank actually showed me a paper that she had written on the occasion, and which she intended for immediate publication, which ends thus: "But the pen, overwhelmed with sorrow, sinks down!!" Do not take this for a bad piece of humor: it is as true as truth itself.

In Göthe's papers there was found nothing about the manner in which he should like to be interred. The funeral therefore was shaped after that of the minister that died last. The corpse was put into a coffin that was like Schiller's, and therefore according to the taste

* The verses are those beginning, "Lass't fahren hin das allzu Flüchtige" (Gedichte, ed. G. von Loeper, ii., p. 265). I give the last verse:—

"So löst sich jene grosse Frage
Nach unserm zweiten Vaterland;
Denn das Beständige der ird'chen Tage
Verbürgt uns ewigen Bestand."

† An extract from Dr. Röhr's funeral address is given in Dr. K. W. Müller's "Goethe's letzte literarische Thätigkeit, etc.," pp. 91, 92. Riemer's song, "Ruhe sanft in heil'gem Frieden," is printed in the same volume, p. 94.

‡ Query—epilogue? This epilogue, a poem in ten stanzas of *ottava rima*, written by Chancellor von Müller, is given in Dr. K. W. Müller's book, pp. 104-107.

of Göthe, who had planned that of Schiller. It stands in the Grand-ducal vault near Schiller's.

With respect to Göthe's will I have learnt the following authentic circumstances. The heirs to the property left (which is said to be very considerable) are his three grandchildren. His daughter-in-law has been bequeathed a decent income for herself and another for bringing up her children. Besides she gets a considerable pension from Government on account of her late husband. The administration of the property is confided to the tutors of the grandchildren, Mr. de Waldungen, and your old landlord, Court Advocate Büttner. These tutors were named by Göthe's son and confirmed by Göthe. The assets bequeathed to his servants are so little that even Göthe's best friends cannot speak of it without some indignation. To his nephew, who during the last years has, with the greatest care, trouble, and to the very neglect of his own household, kept in order that of Göthe, he has bequeathed 200 dollars, say 200 dollars Saxon money. Nor has he given a farthing to any public institution, thereby showing evidently that he was only interested in the progress of the arts, sciences, etc., as long as they were instrumental in making his own self great. His collections will be under the care of Chancellor Müller, and Secretary Kreuter will be appointed as Custos, so that the public may hope to arrive at the sight of them at length. These collections Göthe has wished to be sold, in preference to the Weimar Government, if a considerable sum were offered. The Library is not to be sold, but shall remain for his grandsons. Many volumes of unpublished manuscripts have been found ready for publication (I understand eighteen). Dr. Eckermann will superintend this task. The correspondence between Göthe and Zelter is to be published after the death of the latter. Four hundred letters of Schiller are to be published in 1850.

This is all I could learn about the circumstances connected with the death of this remarkable and lucky person, who died, it seems, without a sting of conscience, and after having fulfilled his whole mission (as he said himself two months before his death, when having completed the *last part of his Faust*, adding that Providence now allowed to him only loans of days or weeks), and from whose character still nothing can wipe the stain of *mean* egotism. I am in possession of many first-rate and first-hand facts by which I can prove this assertion, which I do not speak out for aspersing [aspersing] the character of a great man, but because it is just that it should be duly appreciated what practical result the leading tendency of such a reformer has bred in his own self; and I have a right to speak out without fear my own opinion about the man at a time when he is dead, because I have, during his lifetime, never courted his favor, nor could I have done so but against my feelings. But as you have not wished for an incrimination, but for a plain statement of

the circumstances that preceded and immediately followed Göthe's death, it would look like private animosity if I did further expatiate on his failures; and I may only add, that had Schiller or Herder been the last survivors of the heroes of our literature, I should have felt the loss much more severely than in the present case, though I think we ought to be thankful to God that he has allowed Göthe to live so long and to fulfil his mission upon earth.

I understand that you would rather have me send the above information immediately than wait till the autograph of Göthe that has been positively promised to me by a trustworthy person, and which I believe I shall receive within this week, has reached me. As soon as I have got it I'll send it you. I have applied to Vogel, who sends you with his compliments the following scantling.

Believe me, truly yours,

W. WEISSENBORN.

Weimar, March 28, 1832.

Excuse the very bad writing and other imperfections of this letter.

The chief sources of information about the closing days of Goethe's life and the offices rendered after his death are Dr. Vogel's "*Die letzte Kraukheit Goethe's*," which describes in detail the medical aspect of the case, and Dr. Müller's very interesting little volume, "*Goethe's letzte literarische Thätigkeit, Verhältniss zum Ausland und Scheiden*." It is somewhat remarkable that an account of the circumstances of Goethe's death, written by the architect Coudray, who arranged the ceremony of the lying-in-state, remained unprinted until less than a year ago. Coudray visited Goethe for the last time on March 12, 1832, the day before his departure from Weimar on business to Allstedt. He found the old poet engaged in looking through his drawings and sketches of past years with a view to separating those that were worth preserving from those which might be destroyed. Coudray pleaded that none should be destroyed, as there were persons to whom the slightest of them would be of interest. Some were colored, and as Coudray gazed long at one of those which represented a calm sunset, Goethe expressed his thought in the words, "Yes, great even in departure" (*Ja, auch im Scheiden gross*), words which afterwards recurred to Coudray's memory as though they had been a prophetic intimation of the approaching end.

The talk after the two o'clock meal on that day turned on the sketch sent to Goethe from Pompeii of the mosaic representing Alexander's battle with the Persians at Arbela, which had been found

in the house excavated in presence of Goethe's son and named the *Casa di Goethe*. In the evening Coudray said farewell, little anticipating that he would never again see Goethe except in the shadow of death.

On returning from Allstedt on the eighteenth he called at Goethe's house, but was informed by a servant that the master was unwell and could not receive him. Next morning Goethe, remembering their last conversation, sent Coudray the letter accompanying the drawings from Pompeii, which he had not been able to lay his hand on during their recent after-dinner talk. On the following day the sick man suffered much; Coudray was in the house, but did not enter the bedroom; through the open door he could hear sounds which betokened a state of pain. An apparent amendment on the morning of the twenty-first soon passed away. On the night of that day Coudray offered to watch beside his ailing friend, but his help was not needed. At seven o'clock next morning he called and found all in the Goethe house full of deep agitation; the physician had declared that the case was hopeless. From Goethe's study Coudray could see the patient in the adjoining bedroom, seated beside the bed in his armchair; he appeared to be calm and free from suffering; and evidently his mind was occupied, for he uttered from time to time intelligible words. On drinking some wine and water he became brighter and asked for light. The blinds of the bedroom had been kept down, and even the light which came from the study windows had appeared to cause him some inconvenience, for he frequently shaded his eyes with his hands. Supported by his amanuensis and his servant Friedrich, he raised himself from the armchair, and as he stood, asked what day of the month it was; on hearing that it was the 22nd of March he said, "So the spring has begun, and we may get well the sooner." He again seated himself in the armchair, took the hand of his daughter-in-law Ottilie, who since the previous day had remained constantly by his side, and fell into a gentle slumber. From time to time he spoke: "See that lovely woman's head with black curls in splendid colors — on a dark background;" and later, "Give me the map yonder with the drawings" (pointing to the place with his hand). A book and not a map lay before him; the servant handed it to him, but Goethe repeated, "Not the book but the map." When the servant assured him that there was no map, but only a book,

"So then," he said, "it was a spectre" (*Gespens*), the word in this sense being adopted by Goethe from his own "Theory of Colors."*

Having tried to take some food and sipped a little wine and water, Goethe again was raised from his chair by his attendants, "But," says Coudray, "I noticed with alarm how the tall figure tottered, and the patient was once more lowered into his seat." He fancied that he saw a paper lying on the floor and asked, "Why have they let Schiller's correspondence lie here?" A little later he said to the servant, "Raise the bedroom blinds so that more light may enter." These, says Coudray — and Dr. Müller confirms the statement — were Goethe's last articulate words. It will have been noticed by the reader that Weissenborn's statement is different. I am not, for my part, deeply concerned to ascertain whether his latest request was for the light which was fast disappearing from his dying eyes or for the comfort of his daughter's hand; and I should be sorry to add one more topic of historical inquiry to that important class which includes the question as to whether King Charles I. knelt or lay prone to receive the headsmen's stroke, and the question as to the precise words in which Wellington called upon the Guards to make the final charge at Waterloo. It is certain, at all events, that the rest was silence. For a while Goethe's finger traced letters, first in the air, and then, as his hand sank lower, on the down quilt which lay across his knees. His breathing became feebler from minute to minute, and at half past eleven, leaning towards the left side of the armchair, he gently yielded up his spirit. The face retained an expression of majestic calm. It was like the setting of the sun in his own picture, "Ja, auch im Scheiden gross."

Our impression of Goethe in his elder years is derived in great measure from the conversations reported by Eckermann, and we are most fortunate in possessing that delightful treasury of wisdom and knowledge. But in addition to the conversations with Eckermann, and those, less familiar perhaps to English readers, with chancellor Von Müller, there exists a multitude of scattered memorials of a like kind, and it was a happy thought of Biedermann to bring together all existing records of Goethe's conversations, and to publish them in their chronological se-

* Coudray, Goethe's drei letzte Lebenstage, pp. 6, 7.

quence. The eight volumes, of which seven have already appeared, form, as the editor alleges, virtually a new work of Goethe's; but they are something more than this, for they present us with a series of portraits of Goethe taken from almost every possible point of view; they exhibit in turn, and in the happiest way, the many and various facets of that marvellous mind.

Every visitor to Weimar was of course anxious to get a sight of Jupiter Olympicus, and if possible to hold speech with the immortal. Goethe bore the afflictions which attend celebrity with a graceful fortitude, or rather in the spirit of Wordsworth's happy warrior, who

Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

There may have been a time in middle life when he secluded himself, was somewhat difficult of access, or protected himself from distraction by a frigid courtesy. Rumors lived in Weimar of the terrors to which a visitor might be exposed who rashly crossed the "Salve" at his threshold, and it was even said that he sometimes, when in an ill-humor, gave a silent audience to the unhappy lion-hunter; he shook his mane but would not roar. One admirer describes Goethe's glance when he entered the room as that of a boa-constrictor at sight of a deer. Another from the New World thought the great man's face was that of a student of natural science expecting some Transatlantic phenomenon. When Karl von Holtei called in 1827, and brought forth his best prepared sentences, Goethe at first let him speak, while from time to time he sniffed at the corner of his scented pocket-handkerchief. The thirsty traveller, as he admits, struck the rock at first with little dexterity, and no water gushed forth. Heine had lain awake, as he tells us in his humorous way, many winter nights thinking what magnificent and profound things he should say to Goethe when they met; and as soon as he was in the presence he remarked that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar had a very fine taste. Goethe could employ to good effect the German "So," which is an admirable armor of defence, whether used with an interrogative or an affirmative intonation; and his "H'm! h'm!" was not always encouraging to conversation. If we do not find ourselves successful in an interview with an Eminence or Excellency we are apt to salve our wounded vanity by laying the blame on the unsympathetic egoist, who has failed to give us the sweets of self-content.

But during his elder years it rarely happened that a visitor left the Goethe house without a feeling not only of reverence but of regard or affection for its master. Goethe had turned his necessity to gain; if he was an Olympian, he was also, in the finest sense of the word, humane. The happiest man, he told the young musician Lobe, is he who possesses to the widest extent the power of taking a sympathetic interest in the occupations and concerns of other men, and probably no one ever possessed this power more fully than Goethe himself. If his visitor were not a person of distinction, still there were the common joys and sorrows of humanity as a basis of sympathy, and perhaps some modest special gift which he might discover and, as far as opportunity permitted, might foster. Goethe's grandchildren, and his delight in them, had reopened some of the springs of affection within him. Little Wolfgang usually breakfasted at an early hour with the old man, and was always happy when beside him. If, after breakfast, he grew too noisy, Goethe would gently direct that he should be removed, but Wolf's promises or perhaps tears easily gained a remission of the sentence. Soon the uproar would recommence, disturbing the worker at his desk, or as he paced the room dictating to his amanuensis, and Goethe would be compelled to exile "den kleinen Menschen;" but often Wolf's sobs could be heard outside the door, and upon renewed promises to be quiet he would be readmitted. Sometimes before work had begun the boy would climb into his grandfather's lap or on his shoulder, and would be welcomed with caressing words as his "kleines Käferchen." In the winter which preceded his death Goethe, although his work-room was cluttered with books and scientific apparatus, fitted up a table in the window for "Wölfchen," in order that the boy might pursue his studies under his own eyes.*

Among the favorite playfellows of Wolfgang and Walther were three little girls named Melos. There was constant coming and going between the two houses. When the little people overhead made too great a racket, Goethe would send them, in petition for truce, a box of choice Frankfurt bonbons, designed as prizes for a less noisy game. Often he would stand in the garden, wearing his long grey house-coat, his hands behind his back, and look on at

* Dr. Müller, Goethe's letzte literarische Thätigkeit, etc., p. 4, note.

the children's play. "If our balls flew higher or our hoops made a finer curve," wrote one of the troop, afterwards the wife of the poet Freiligrath, "the grandsons would receive a mild rebuke: 'Ah, the girls put you to shame! the girls do it better!' . . . Once when Goethe was, changing his coat and we were by, I busied myself in giving him assistance, and received the compliment: 'It is a long time since such pretty hands have helped me.'"

If Goethe were not truly amiable his temper might have been tried a little by an incident of Saturday, October 11th, 1828. Herr Wiggers and his wife were about to place their two sons, aged respectively seventeen and twelve, in a great educational institution, and, accompanied by the boys, they stopped at Weimar on the way. The writings of Goethe were held in high honor in the Wiggers family, and the father without delay sought for himself the honor of an interview. Goethe readily consented to see the visitor, and learning on his arrival that Frau Wiggers was not far off, he begged her husband to bring the lady to his house. The happy husband flew with the message; and when the elders laid their heads together, it seemed to them a grievous thing that young Julius and Moritz should not also have the privilege of looking upon the great poet. Accordingly when Goethe, arrayed in black, with the silver star upon his breast, stepped into the room in which he received his guests, it was to find himself invaded by the entire Wiggers household. With the friendliest air he led the lady to a sofa and seated himself beside her, while the others formed a semicircle in front. He questioned rather than communicated his own thoughts, and had soon learnt the mother's anxiety with respect to the severe discipline to which her boys would be subjected at school. "A mother," said Goethe, "who in the fullness of love is wont to look on her child as a unit in the house must needs feel anxious in surrendering that child to an institution where it can be but an insignificant fragment of the whole." Before the party withdrew he begged the eldest son not to forget the Goethe house if he should visit Weimar again; then, with a summons to his grandson Wolf to accompany them to the door, he bade farewell. But hardly had they reached their inn when little Wolfgang arrived as the bearer from his grandfather of a small box containing a bronze medal impressed with the poet's likeness; it was a joyous moment, and a

kind message and one of Goethe's visiting cards filled up the measure of the good folk's happiness.

It was necessary for Goethe still in some measure to protect himself. When a young author brought his manuscript verses and declared — not quite sincerely — that he would consider Goethe's verdict as final and decisive of his future career, the great poet, who had still work of his own to accomplish, must needs in all kindness explain that his old age, with its limited powers, made it impossible for him to do real justice in such a case, and that he was obliged to decline the responsibility. He had to guard himself also against surprise or sudden emotion, and, as he said to Victor Cousin, even abstain from many things that interested him, in order to maintain his equilibrium. It may have been also that in endeavoring to resist or conceal the infirmities of age he acquired at times a certain stiffness. So at least it appeared to the Viennese dramatist, Grillparzer, who visited Goethe in 1826. On a second interview what had seemed like the stiffness of a minister of state wore off, and Goethe had, in Grillparzer's eyes, the aspect "half of a king and half of a father." A visitor who possessed some special faculty or some special knowledge was most welcome of all to Goethe. It was not required or expected that he should be known to fame. "Original talent," said Goethe, "that is water for my mill." And such a person, who perhaps having been alarmed by the tales and fables of Weimar, had entered the reception-room with tremors or embarrassment, was forthwith set at ease, and presently, to his surprise and delight, found himself instructing his host, while, under a keen and eager cross-examination, he learnt new meanings and discovered hidden relations in the facts at his command. In the spring of 1820 the young musician, J. Christian Lobe, desiring an introduction to Zelter, called on Goethe. What strength and courage the old man infused into the young aspirant may be read in Lobe's account of the interview. How much Goethe learnt and how much he taught! How quickly he caught Lobe up when the latter described Zelter's music as old-fashioned! "How 'old-fashioned'? Explain and be precise; good! — there is the piano; what you have stated must stand the test of an experiment." Goethe strongly urged upon his young acquaintance the advantage of making careful notes of the performances in the theatre at Berlin; all details should be classified,

and each entered under its proper rubric: "Write, for example, under 'Theatre' as special questions: the piece? poet? actors? reception by the public? impression made on myself? and, as you have told me that you travel with a couple of companions, impression made on these? etc., etc." It was Goethe's aim that nothing should escape the young man's observation, that he should see at once broadly and minutely, and that everything should find its exact place in his mind. When a few months later Lobe returned from Berlin to Weimar, he was able in a very creditable manner to meet Goethe's fire of cross-examination, and to satisfy, as far as the occasion permitted, Goethe's insatiable curiosity about things of the mind. And once again, nothing must remain in the vague which can be made definite. Spontini's music has a plastic quality. "Plastic? What exactly does that mean when used with reference to music? Explain, explain!"

A traveller among the palms and temples was perhaps a rarer apparition in Weimar seventy years ago than he would be to-day. Gustav Parthey arrived in 1827 with an introduction from Zelter, and found Goethe all eagerness to hear what he had to tell. "I tried in my answers," he writes, "to approximate to the clear precision of the questions." He had spent two months in Malta before setting out on his travels to Constantinople, Egypt, and up the Nile as far as Wady-Halfa and Dongola. Parthey imagined that Malta might in some measure be taken for granted; but no: "We will for the present remain at Malta." This island of carbonaceous limestone between Sicily and Africa must have a peculiar character of its own. And before the peculiarities of Malta had been exhausted it was time to say good-bye. "We have so much to talk about your Eastern travels," said Goethe, "that I beg you will dine with me every day during your stay among us." The desultory questions put by his son at dinner about mosques at Constantinople and pyramids at Memphis did not divert Goethe from his regular method of progression; the dinner lingered on from two to six o'clock, and they had reached Philæ when it was time to go. Goethe commissioned the traveller as he departed to be the bearer of hearty greetings to his friend Knebel, whom he would find "Quite a young man of eighty-three."

In the autumn of the same year, 1827, the servant presented Goethe with a card bearing on it the name of Wilhelm Zahn,

"architect and painter." Zahn was young and unknown. He had heard alarming stories of Goethe's cold and arrogant bearing to strangers. One distinguished applicant for admission to the Goethe house had never received an acknowledgment of his letter. Another had ventured in, and then had timidly slipped into the courtyard to seek some attendant spirit favorably inclined. Two boys, the poet's grandsons, were there at noisy play. Suddenly a window was thrown up, and the much-desired face became visible. With eyes aflame and a leonine roar he cried, "You lubbers, will you keep quiet?" and the window came down with a bang. The boys *were* quiet, and the stranger fled in terror.* Such tales were not encouraging to Zahn, architect and painter, even though he had begged the servant in announcing him to add the words, "arrived from Italy." If Goethe had been inclined to moroseness, however, these words would have charmed him into good-humor. Zahn was conducted into the reception-room, and in a few moments there entered a veritable Olympic Jove, with the great forehead and two great brown eyes of indescribable lustre. "So you have been in Italy?" "Three years, your Excellency." "And have perhaps visited the excavations in the neighborhood of Naples?" "That was the special object of my travel. I made myself at home in an antique house at Pompeii, and during two years all the excavations were under my eyes." "Delighted—glad to hear it," exclaimed Goethe, who had a way of dropping unnecessary pronouns. He drew his chair nearer and continued, "Have often advised the Academies of Berlin and Vienna to send young artists to study the antique paintings of the subterranean buildings; so much the better if you have done it on your own account. Yes, yes, the antique must remain the model for every artist. But let us not forget the best thing. Have perhaps some drawings in your trunk?" "I drew the finest of the wall-paintings almost immediately on their discovery, and tried to reproduce the colors. Perhaps your Excellency would care to see some of them?" "O, surely, surely, gladly and thankfully. Come again to dinner; dine at two o'clock. You will find some lovers of art. Have the greatest desire to examine your pictures. *Auf wiedersehen*, my young friend."

* Freiligrath's wife stated that she, as a little girl, was constantly in and out of Goethe's study with Wolfgang, and never once heard a harsh word from the old man.

Beside Goethe, his daughter-in-law, and her sister Ulrike, the new guest found at table the chancellor Von Müller, the architect Coudray, Vogel, Goethe's physician, and Eckermann listening to the words of the master as to the utterances of an oracle. The talk was of Italy, and Fräulein Ulrike, amid the general praises of the glories of Rome, could not repress a little militant Protestantism directed against the pope and all his works. Goethe, smiling, handed her a toothpick with the words, "Take this, my dear, and wreak your vengeance!" The pictures — Achilles and Briseis, Leda, the marriage of Pasithea, Jupiter enthroned, and the rest — were duly exhibited; when suddenly the grand duke, in hunting costume and meerschaum in hand, entered unannounced. The situation was explained, and Zahn was invited to dine next day with his Royal Highness, but Goethe interposed. "No, Zahn is mine for dinner." And so it was permitted to be. Ten days passed away rapidly. "Goethe," says Zahn, "was inexhaustible in questions, and knew how to win from me what was best and most secret, so that I often regarded myself with astonishment. In those precious hours he sank deep in golden memories of a golden life, and allowed me to look into his great and noble heart. That heart was indeed as great as his intellect. He knew not the shadow of envy, but embraced with warm good-will the whole of human kind, and he had helped hundreds of persons with word and deed, but always quietly and secretly."

French and English visitors were received with a warm welcome by Goethe. Among the former were the sculptor David, Jean-Jacques Ampère, and Ampère's philosophic teacher, Cousin. Goethe spoke perhaps more freely of the contemporary movement in French literature to his Polish visitor, Count A. E. von Kosmian, than to any of these: —

"Victor Hugo," said Goethe, "possesses remarkable gifts; without doubt he has renewed and quickened French poetry, but one cannot help fearing that if not he himself, yet his pupils and followers may go too far in the course which they have ventured to pursue. The French nation is the nation of extremes; it knows moderation in nothing. Endowed with great moral and physical strength, the French people might lift the world, if they could only find the centre, but they never seem to know that if one would lift great weights, one must discover the middle point. It is the only people on earth in whose history we can find the night of St. Bartholomew and the Feast of Reason, the despotism of

Louis XIV. and the orgies of the *sansculottes*, and almost in the same year the capture of Moscow and the capitulation of Paris. Accordingly we cannot but fear that in literature also, after the despotism of Boileau, licentiousness and repudiation of all law may follow."

"I, too," said I, "share this fear, but I cannot deny that the literary forms which were once in vogue cannot serve as models for today. We read the tragedies of the French dramatic masters with constant pleasure, but when represented on the stage they fail to interest the present public. If Racine were to rise again, he would himself now avoid the faults which we find in his works."

"Believe me," replied Goethe, "we might well desire a new Racine with the faults of his elder namesake. The masterpieces of the French drama remain masterpieces forever. The representation of them interested me deeply in my early years, when at Frankfort; then it was that I first thought of writing plays. The present school may do much for literature, but never as much as the earlier school has done."

Goethe's feeling towards English visitors to Weimar was happily expressed in a conversation with Eckermann of March 12, 1828. The young Englishman's confidence and sense of power pleased Goethe; but he was not without a portion of the feeling so widespread on the Continent that as a nation we are not entirely free from the vice of hypocrisy.* Between 1815 and 1830 Goethe added to his collection of portraits painted by Schmeller those of fourteen English acquaintances, among them one of Crabb Robinson, a head in crayons, which the sitter described as "frightfully ugly and very like." Goethe was by no means indifferent as to the reception of his works in our country. Crabb Robinson tells us how the poet was mortified at the poor account which he gave him of Lord Leveson Gower's translation of "Faust." "On my mentioning that Lord Leveson Gower had not ventured to translate the 'Prologue in Heaven,' he seemed surprised. 'How so? that is quite unobjectionable. The idea is in Job.' He did not perceive that that was the aggravation, not the excuse." A few weeks after the conversation with Robinson, Goethe was smiling with Friedrich Förster over his lordship's rendering of Gretchen's song, "There was a King in Thule." When in the translation the king comes to die —

He called for his confessor,
Left all to his successor,

* "Nirgendwo giebt es soviel Heuchler und Scheinheilige wie in England; zu Shakespeare's Zeit mag das doch wohl anders gewesen sein." — Goethe to Förster, October, 1829.

probably, as Förster ingeniously suggested, because the rhymes came pat. Goethe, when the lines were quoted, laughed heartily. "Called for his confessor," he cried. "We must direct the noble lord's attention to the fact that the King of Thule reigned before the Flood. At that early date confessors were unknown." The speakers went on to cite other amusing mistranslations of Goethe's poems in both English and French, and to notice the "nice derangement of epithets" in certain ill-printed German texts and songs arranged for music. On one occasion an Englishman expressed his surprise that the father in the ballad of the "Erl-King" should have grieved so excessively for the boy, considering the fact that he had been blessed with so numerous a family. On the remark that nothing was mentioned on this subject in the ballad, he recited with lips which hardly parted the words that proved the correctness of his assertion:—

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in den Armen das *achtzehnte* Kind,

He held in his arms his eighteenth child—a number which even in Great Britain, with its rapidly increasing population, must exceed the average.

It was inevitable that the editor of "Goethes Gespräche," wide-read and diligent though he be, should overlook some of the scattered material for his collection. In an appendix to the last volume he will doubtless do much to fill up the gaps. Among visitors from our country to Weimar who held speech with Goethe, he has failed to notice R. P. Gillies—the same Gillies to whom Wordsworth addressed a fine sonnet directed against despondency in youth. The year of Gillies's continental tour was, I think, 1821. Goethe in figure, contour of features, mode of speech and demeanor, reminded him in an indefinable way of John Kemble, but of Kemble as he might be should he live to be old. "As the door opened from the farther end of the reception-room, and his Excellency's tall, gaunt form, wrapped in a long, blue surtout, which hung loosely on him, slowly advanced, he had veritably the air and aspect of a *revenant*. His was not an appearance but an *apparition*." At this time Goethe was recovering from a serious illness; yet Gillies could perceive that the fire and energy of youth had not wholly died out from his face. In profound silence he advanced; like other ghosts he seemed to wait to be spoken to. The talk, when it started, was of Sir

Brooke Boothby, whom Goethe had known well, and who had obtained a commission in the Duke of Weimar's cavalry, in order that he might have the privilege of appearing at court in boots instead of silk stockings; of Walter Scott, of Byron, of the influence of "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" on English literature. Gillies withdrew not altogether pleased with Goethe's reserve and taciturn humor, but convinced that he was inaccessible to flattery and "cared not a straw about praise."*

Another wanderer from England to Weimar, whose conversation with Goethe has escaped Biedermann's research, was the eminent physician, Dr. Granville. The name Granville, it will be remembered, had been taken by Augustus Bozzi in accordance with his mother's dying wish; mingled blood of Milan and Cornwall ran in Granville's veins. In 1827, when forty-four years of age, he made a journey to St. Petersburg, and halted *en route* at Weimar, in order to obtain, if possible, an interview with "the patriarch of German literature."† Otilie's assistance having been obtained, an appointment for the interview was made. "He advanced towards me," Granville writes, "with the countenance of one who seems not to go through the ceremony of a first greeting *à contre cœur*. . . . His person was erect and denoted not the advance of age. His open and well-arched eyebrows, which gave effect to the undimmed lustre of the most brilliant eye I have ever beheld, his fresh look and mild expression of countenance at once captivated my attention." He was free alike from frivolity and haughty reserve. "I found him in his conversation ready rather than fluent; following, rather than leading; unaffected, yet gentlemanly; earnest, yet entertaining; and manifesting no desire to display how much he deserved the high reputation which not only Germany but Europe in general had simultaneously acknowledged to be his due." He spoke disparagingly of Lord Leveson Gower's translation of "Faust," and commended a rendering of his "Tasso" into English by Des Voeux.‡ The conversation then passed on to the subject of education, and

* Memoirs of a Literary Veteran. By R. P. Gillies, vol. iii., p. 16.

† The record of this visit is given in Granville's "St. Petersburg: A Journal of Travels, etc." (Colburn, 1828).

‡ Granville spells the name as Goethe pronounced it, Devaux. I learn from the English Goethe Society's papers that Goethe had Des Voeux's portrait painted by Schmeller.

especially to that of instruction in a foreign language. "Throughout the interview," writes Granville, "which lasted upwards of an hour, Goethe manifested great eagerness after a general information, particularly respecting England and her numerous institutions; and also on the subject of St. Petersburg, which he looked upon as a city that was fast rising to the rank of the first capital on the Continent." When bidding good-bye Goethe presented his visitor with a small morocco case containing two bronze medals, each bearing a bust of himself in relief. Granville ascribes the pleasant character of the meeting partly to the fact that he had gone through the correct forms for obtaining an interview, and had not taken the venerable poet by surprise.

Yet another visitor of Goethe's was William R. Swifte, whose death took place near Dublin only a few months ago. He has told his early adventures in a little volume—I cannot describe it as one of much value—entitled, if I remember aright, "Wilhelm's Wanderings." He also was one of those who bore away from Weimar a Goethe medal, and his album contained a quatrain of verse in Goethe's handwriting which I remember to have read and noted as already in print. Mr. Swifte, like most Irish country gentlemen, was a spirited rider; and the Goethe medal, lost in some flying leap, lies, or was supposed by him to lie, if my memory serves me right, in some ditch of the county Meath. EDWARD DOWDEN.

From The National Review.
CARLYLE AND OLD WOMEN.

LOOKING through Carlyle's memoirs one is gradually impressed with a very pleasing circumstance, and one which, throwing as it does a side-light on his character, may not prove unworthy of attention. In his verdicts on men and women, whether celebrated or unknown to fame, the chances are that he will have something harsh, if not contemptuous, to say of them. It would seem that nothing could serve as a protection from his acrid humor; no reputation for wisdom and genius, such as encircled Coleridge as with a halo; no infirmity or aspect of suffering, as in the case of Lamb. Learned and unlearned, high and low, old men and maidens, none were sacred from his scorn. If any one might have been supposed to be so, surely it was his grand compatriot, Sir Walter Scott; but of him, old and

broken, the wreck of what he had been, Carlyle can find nothing kinder to say than—"much run after here, it seems; but he is old and sick, and cannot enjoy it"—something in the spirit of Rogers's self-consolatory comment on the young man whose praise was in every one's mouth, "Thank God, he has bad teeth!" "To me," goes on Carlyle, unmistakably conveying his feeling, "he is and has been an object of very minor interest for many, many years."

To his almost universal reprobation of men and things there was an exception.

"My imagination, like my heart, has always been with the women—I mean the young, for I cannot separate that adjective from that substantive." So, at an advanced age, writes Landor. In diametrically opposite spirit the more homely, yet more imaginative American bard, Walt Whitman, sets forth his dictum:—

Women sit or move to and fro, some old,
some young:
The young are beautiful; but the old are more
beautiful than the young.

Carlyle was plainly of the same opinion. The older a woman was, the more she appealed to all the gentler instincts of his nature, till it would sometimes appear as if his milk of human kindness had turned sour to all but the elder representatives of the female sex.

"I see almost nobody," he writes to John Sterling, while immersed in "Cromwell." "I wish . . . you would build me some small prophet's chamber . . . within a furlong of your big house, sacred from all noises of dogs, cocks, pianofortes, insipid men, engaging some dumb old woman to light a fire for me daily and boil some kind of kettle"—as if, in his "wae" irritable mood, an old woman, of all humanity, were the only person he could brook the presence of, and even she, under the circumstances, to be dumb.

But that he could take pleasure in the garrulous talk of old women, in the very cracked tone of their voices, we have abundant evidence. "Poor old half-crazy" Mary Mills, one of his mother-in-law's pensioners, was no less an object of interest to Carlyle than to his wife. Many were the visits he paid her, the last being thus recorded: "I went duly, sat in poor old Mary Mills's cottage, one morning early, by the side of her turf-pile, etc. She had been on pilgrimage to Crawford churchyard, found the grave. 'It was a' bonnie yonder, vera bonnie,' said she, in her old, broken, pious tone. I never saw her again."

It is amusing to note his manner of reference to a certain "improvised old woman" who, during some sordid domestic crisis, a change of servants in act of occurring while the unflagging mistress lay ill in bed, came to fill in some small measure the breach. "I remember," says Carlyle, "got the name of slow-coach between us, and continued for perhaps three weeks or more. She was a very white-aproned, cleanly old creature, and I once noticed her sitting at some meal in her kitchen, with a neatness of tablecloth and other apparatus, and a serene dignity of composure in her poor old self, that were fairly pathetic to me."

This, considering his "frightful impatience" with servants new to his ways, the ingeniously abusive epithets he piled on them, from the "sluttish" jades (he used a stronger word) of the Bullers' household to the "lying draggle-tails of byre-women," the "moon-calves," the "brute beasts" of his own.

Few men would have made an idyl, as Carlyle did, of a fellow-passenger in a steamer, whose charm was but that of a "rugged, hearty old woman." Her guidman had struck him as a "dirty, feckless-looking" old fellow; but no sooner did the aged wife appear on deck than all Carlyle's sympathy was roused. "I declare I'se quite shamed to gang hame sae dirty," she confided to her interested listener, being evidently in no cleaner condition, though the chronicler would not say it of her, than her husband. They had been in America; "But the auld man, ye see, wadna bide," so they were come "daundering back" to beggary. "Poor old devil!" exclaims Carlyle, "I was heartily sorry for him." And that the old man owed this tribute, such as it was, to his wife, is clear; for of a specimen met with in another steamer, and who was likewise in sorry plight, but who had no old wife by to support him, Carlyle says, "I did not in the least hate" (surely a gratuitous admission), "yet how little either did I pity this poor old man." It was neither indifference nor contemptuous pity that the old dame came in for. "I honored her," goes on Carlyle, his sympathy fastening on the more congenial object, "as a true heart of oak, the mainstay of her old man, who grinned intelligence as he saw Scotch land again. . . . Is not life a 'joyous' kind of thing to this old woman?" (using the word "joyous," perhaps, in the sense in which it had once been applied by Harriet Martineau to the life of Jesus)—suddenly breaking off, as if ashamed of his sentimentality, to exclaim, "Oh, Goody, why

do I twaddle to thee about all and sundry in this manner?"

In similar mood, though without any apology, he "twaddles" to his mother about "a lone old woman living literally like a rabbit, burrowed under ground," in one of the huts among the lime-quarries of Derbyshire, and who, mid all the sights and wonders there, seems to Carlyle at least to have been the most interesting. "A most sensible, haughty, and even dignified old woman . . . drinking her poor tea there in dignified solitude when we came, no company with her but a cat, and no wish to have any, she said, 'till the Lord was pleased to take her to those she had lost!' . . . None of us, I think, will ever forget that poor old woman, with her little teapot, her neat *mutch*, and black ribbon, her lean, hook nose, and black old eyes as sharp as eagles," harping on the word "old" as if it were a term of endearment. "We left a shilling with her, and great respect, and came our way."

It is with a touch of kindred sympathy that he tells of a "worn little old wife" in Ireland (her husband a "dirty, big farmer"), who responded to his question as to how she kept her milk, "I kape it in keelers," "with a haggard glance from the corner of her old black eyes."

Another "bit of memorability" to Carlyle was poor old Esther, one of the figures that flitted across what he calls the "altogether vacant scene" of his life at Craigenputtock, and who left with Mrs. Carlyle, as he records, some small articles of crockery "as a wee memorandum o' me, mem, when I am gone," little guessing of the full memorial she was one day to receive from her as yet scarce recognized countryman, whom, perhaps, she looked on as but a dour-looking husband for her "bonny leddy." With genuine feeling, a sort of pitiful tenderness which few men of Carlyle's stern morality would have to spare for a woman of old Esther's antecedents, he chronicles her sorrowful life-history, and the story of her death, which, he says, was full of "human interest" to him as to his wife, "of a human pity not painful, but sweet and genuine." As if it were some vision of romance, he recalls a glimpse he had of her one frosty afternoon "cripping along" on the highway, a "heavy, lumpish figure, lame of a foot, and her honest, quiet, not stupid countenance of mixed ugliness and stoicism," anxious, as it were, to qualify the impression of ungainliness his picture might produce. The forlorn creature was under kinder observation than she dreamed of. "Poor old soul!" reflected her unseen spectator;

"what a desolation! But you will meet a kind face, too, perhaps. Heaven is over all."

With what an under-current of admiration does he refer to that seditious old body, "half haval, half genius," Jenny Fraser, who, in defiance of a certain great man's wishes, backed up by bribes, persisted in yielding up her little patch of ground for a Free Kirk to be built on. "I had a mind," Carlyle confesses to his wife, "to go and give Jenny a sovereign myself;" but not willing to appear factious, he comforts himself by proposing to "do it better afterwards."

The mere presence of an old woman, it would almost seem, could avail to put and keep Carlyle in good humor. His visit to one of his admirers in South Wales was relieved, we fancy, from an unmistakable atmosphere of boredom by his host's mother, "an innocent old Quakeress," as he describes her, and "very venerable" to him. "Poor old woman!" is his parting tribute to her, "with her yearly monitor, with her suet dumplings, and all her innocent household gods."

The fact that old women had a voice in it went far to reconcile him to the combination of noises from which he suffered in some place of temporary sojourn — "cocks, pigs, calves, dogs, clogs of women's feet," and all the rest of it. "But I have learnt to care nothing about it," is his unusually resigned conclusion. "Are not they poor brothers and sisters — *poor old mothers*, too, toiling away in the midst of it."

And here, in the words we have italicized, lies the secret. Was it not in their capacity of *mothers* that old women appealed thus to Carlyle's heart? Was it not for the sake of his own mother, between whom and himself there was so close and tender a bond, that all specimens of female eld, from the highest to the most obscure, were sacred to him? Not once, so far as we can gather, did any old woman, of whatever rank or station, with whom he might be brought into contact, in reality or even only in imagination, inspire him with other than gentle feelings.

A thought of the faithful, hard-working old peasant-mother at Scotsbrig could, at any moment, soften him. Scarce a letter of his but has some little or big strange grumble in it, at the world and all its inmates, his sleeplessness, his dyspepsia, the "cussedness of things in general," or, as we believe he phrases it, "the et-cetera of fate." Suddenly, *à propos* to nothing in particular, "Peace be to my mother!"

he exclaims, at the end of one of these tirades.

. . . Like a lily on a river floating

(a most turbid, deep, tumultuous river in this case).

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

"I am proud of my mother, though she is neither rich nor learned," he writes to her in a strain to which she was well accustomed from this beloved, wayward son of hers, who, on occasion, was so "ill to deal wi'." "If I ever forget to love and reverence her, I must cease to be a creature myself worth remembering. Often, my dear mother, in solitary pensive moments does it come across me like the cold shadow of death, that we two must part in time." (This, he elsewhere tells us, had been the "earliest horror" of his childhood, and went with him all his days.) "I shudder at the thought, and find no refuge except in humbly trusting that the great God will surely appoint us a meeting in that far country to which we are tending."

How kindly does he write from Germany of Luther's mother to his own, who, for all her simplicity, was no doubt shrewd enough to take to herself the loving praise implied. "Luther's father and mother, painted by Cranach, are here — excellent old portraits — the father's with a dash of thrift, contention, and worldly wisdom in his old judicious, peasant countenance; the mother (warming into tenderness) particularly pious, kind, true, and motherly — a noble old peasant woman" — as fit in her generation (we can divine the thought in Carlyle's mind) to have been the mother of "the monk that shook the world" as was that other poor old peasant-woman down in Annandale to have borne the latter-day prophet who did his best, and in some degree succeeded, to shake the world of his time.

This sentiment of filial affection extended itself even to the lady who stood to him in the relation of mother-in-law; and this is more than could be said of many men with a reputation for greater amiability than Carlyle. Toward his wife's mother he manifested a regard that was almost tender, and proof against the little follies and affectations from which the good woman was by no means free. Indeed, according to his own statement, he could get on better with the whimsical, emotional, capricious, but "ever beneficent and soft of heart" Mrs. Welsh than even her own daughter. All his recollections of her, her little extravagances, her dream about him before she died, are steeped as in an atmosphere of indulgence. The

day he spent in solitude by her grave was "like a day of religious worship" to Carlyle. "A mother dead," he writes to Jeanne; "it is an epoch for us all; and to each one of us it comes with a pungency as if peculiar, a look as of originality and singularity"—recalling the poet Gray's somewhat similar utterance on the death of his mother. A pleasant picture of friendliness and sympathy on all sides is conjured up for us in the following: "Returning to dinner from that first Monday's performance" (his lecture), "I gave to my darling and her, from some of the gold that had been handed me, a sovereign each 'to buy something with, as handse! of this novelty,' which little gift created such pleasure in these generous two as is now pathetic to me, and a kind of blessing to remember."

When his first, best, friend Irving died, it was on Irving's poor old mother that Carlyle's thoughts centred. No more could she say, in words that for years had lingered in the memory of her son's friend, "Oh, Edward, I am proud of ye!" "Ruin's ploughshare" had passed over her, and of all who knew her none pitied the "poor old forsaken widow" more than did Carlyle.

The same feeling may be traced throughout his writings. Few authors would think of pausing in the midst of a biographical sketch to dwell thus on the death of his hero's obscure old mother: "In 1797 the widow Richter was taken away from the strange variable climate of this world, we shall hope, into a sunnier one; her kettles hung unscoured on the wall, and the spool, so often filled with her cotton thread and wetted with her tears, revolved no more. Poor old weather-beaten, heavy-laden soul! And yet a light-beam from on high was in her also. . . . Nay, she saw before departing that she, even she, had borne a mighty man" (with here, too, a side-glance to his own mother and the touch of glory his fame had reflected on her—not the least charm of it in his eyes); "and her early sunshine, long drowned in deluges, again looked out at evening with sweet farewell."

As if to lengthen the maternal link, how kindly does he look back on the scarcely-remembered image of his mother's mother, a poor old Annandale farmer's wife, "of small possessions, though of large and faithful soul. . . a kinswoman to be proud of (or, silently to be thankful to Heaven for)." His mother, he tells us, would speak to her children about "this good grandmother . . . with a tone of gentle

humor, pathos, and heart's love, which we were used to on such a subject."

When cut off from intercourse with his mother, he clung to the idea of aged womanhood as represented by the charming Lady Sandwich, of whose death, at an advanced age, Mrs. Carlyle writes: "Nobody will believe the loss Lady Sandwich is to us. They say, 'A woman of eighty; that is not to be regretted!' But . . . this woman of eighty . . . was the only person in London, or in the world, that Mr. C. went regularly to see." Twice a week he used to call on her, so that after her death Carlyle's heart would make for her house whenever he got into the neighborhood.

If more need be said, how manifestly does Carlyle's wife become dearer to him the older she grows, the glow of sunset enfolding her in a light more beautiful to his eyes than even that of dawn. With ever tenderer affection did he regard his "dear little fellow-pilgrim," who had so bravely footed the rough paths along with him, so that their last year or two on earth were as of a second youth, "almost a second childhood," he pathetically exclaims, "with the wisdom and graces of old age . . . strange and precious to look back upon." Never did she inspire him not only with such love but with such passionate admiration as when, a sick, suffering, altogether broken woman of sixty years and odd, after her long, painful confinement to her own chamber, she took him by surprise and delight one night by suddenly coming gliding into the room where he sat solitary, his "little darling, all radiant in graceful evening dress . . . gently stooping," and leaning on a cane—a vision of brightness that was often to mock his solitude in after days.

And he could comfort himself in no better way, her first birthday after her death, than by sending "a poor gift to poor old Betty" (her nurse), "who, next to myself," he says, "remembers her in life-long love and sacred sorrow."

It was to this same old Betty, "much loving and much loved old servant," "one of the venerablest and most faithful of women," that Carlyle had been in the habit of sending a weekly copy of *Punch*, directing it "his ain sel' to sic as us. . . . Wad onybody believe it?" as the old woman, in an outburst of lowly pride, remarked to Mrs. Carlyle.

Enough has been said, and he has given us enough to say, against Carlyle. His contempt of the world has in a great measure rebounded against himself. The

lovable trait we have been considering, so unconsciously manifested on his own part — while of other good points in his character, such as the honesty, the self-reliance, the thrift, he appears only too well aware — might go far towards reconciling us to faults which, after all, were chiefly those of temperament, the result of a great genius being forced into expression under conditions of physical and constitutional unfitness. P. W. ROOSE.

From Murray's Magazine.

A TRAGICAL TERTULIA.

IN the memoirs and histories of the early part of the eighteenth century frequent references may be found to a tragedy which befell the upper ten of Madrid in September, 1723. St. Simon had unfortunately left Spain, otherwise he would doubtless have elaborated in one of his inimitable word pictures the details of that terrible *tertulia* in which the most intimate friends and acquaintances of his Spanish visit were so nearly concerned. As it is, he refers to it more than once, most fully perhaps in this following passage: "It was at this time that happened that sudden flood at Madrid, near the Buen Retiro, in which the Duchess of Mirandola was drowned in her oratory, and the Prince Pio and several others perished, while the Duke of Mirandola, the Duke of Liria, the Abbé Grimaldo, and the Venetian ambassador saved themselves with infinite difficulty. Meanwhile the superb house of the Duke and Duchess of Osuna with its magnificent furniture was burning in the upper part of the town, without any means of keeping the fire under from lack of water!"

Some compensation for the loss of a more circumstantial account by the fore-runner of society journalists may be found in a description of the tragedy which exists in the Record Office by another visitor to Madrid, less brilliant, but scarcely less observant. The writer was Colonel Stanhope who appeared to St. Simon "parfaitement un Anglois," serious, talking little, and saying nothing when he talked, with his ears always open, given to "pumping," never going into society except with good reason and not from taste. He had therefore some qualifications both for receiving and imparting information. His letter to Lord Carteret was written within a few days of the disaster which he narrowly escaped, thanks to a fever which had caused

some interruptions in his despatches. His main object in writing is to apologize for this delay. His letter may be thought of sufficient interest to print, for assuredly no ordinary evening party before or since has met with so unlikely and so unlucky a *dénouement*.

"I was not able to do myself the honour of writing to your Lordship by the last post, being at that time very much indisposed with an intermitting fever, but at present I have got the better of it by force of the Jesuits' Bark which I have begun to take, and still continue the doing of. This fever instead of being a misfortune has probably been the occasion of saving my life, which would certainly otherwise have run the same risk with those of several others in a most terrible disaster that happened in the Duke of Mirandola's house here upon the 15th inst. at ten of the clock at night. The catastrophe was of so very extraordinary a nature that I persuade myself your Lordship will excuse my taking up some of your time in explaining the particulars to you as I can, tho' I don't pretend to do it very exactly since the very persons who found themselves embarked in it and escaped with their lives were under too great a consternation to be able to give any clear account of the matter. To explain it then as well as I can I must acquaint your Lordship that for these two years last past the Duke and Duchess of Mirandola have had an assembly at their house every night of people of the first quality of Madrid, at which all the foreign ministers also assembled, and amongst the rest I never failed finding myself, when my health or affairs would possibly give me leave to be there. Their house was in the body of the place, but wanting some repairs at present, the Duke and Duchess had borrowed for a few weeks another house upon the skirts of the town belonging to the Count d'Offate to which they had removed some ten days ago where they continued their assembly. This house stands low, having a large garden behind it upon a rising ground, the wall of which goes almost to that of the town, beyond which there are also other rising grounds, tho' far from being mountainous. The assembly happened to be that evening thinner than usual by reason of the illness of the Marquis de los Balbazes' son which hindered not only the said Marquis and his lady from being there but also the Duke and Duchess of Medina Celi, of Arcos, the Princess Pio, Ambassadrice of Venice, etc., who otherwise never failed. The as-

sembly then consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Miranda, the Duke of Lyria, the Duke of Atri, the Pope's Nuncio, the Ambassador of Venice, the Abbot Grimaldo, Don Tiberio Carraffa, Don Lelio Carraffa and some few, who being met as usual, a violent storm of thunder and lightning happened about 9. The Duchess being frightened left the company and went into her chapel to pray, three rooms from that of the assembly, tho' upon the same ground floor, and about 10 of the clock a torrent of water that had come from the rising grounds having broke down the wall of the town did the same to that of the garden, and in an instant flung open the window-shutters of the ground apartments, overturned all tables and lights and filled the rooms with water. The poor duchess with her maids were immediately drowned, the men run out into the Courtyard before the house where they found the water equally high, and Prince Pio endeavoring to save himself in the street was carried away by the torrent and his body found the day afterwards two leagues from Madrid. Don Tiberio Carraffa got upon the top of a coach which overturning by the force of the stream was thrown against another by which blow he had his head almost opened and was immediately also drowned. The Prince of Chellamare placed himself upon another coach which likewise overturned, but he had the good fortune to get again upon the wheel, whence he remained till help was brought to him, extremely bruised and having swallowed a great quantity of water and sand. The Duke of Lyria was running the same fate with Prince Pio, but being a good deal taller and seeing by help of the lightning a window over his head, jumped up and caught hold of the iron grates before it, by which he held, untill the people in the upper apartment let down cords to him, by which they drew him up. The Ambassador of Venice not being able to get out of the assembly room where the water was ten feet high supported himself upon two chairs for two hours which swam upon the surface of the water until it abated enough for him to get out of the door. As for the Nuncio and the Duke of Atri they had left the company half an hour before the accident happened. The rest of the gentlemen were saved, but how not one of them is able to give any reasonable account."

This description is interesting not only on account of the noteworthy tragedy, but as indicating the very motley elements of

which the court of Madrid was composed after the Treaty of Utrecht, and the curious preponderance which the *régime*, firstly of Madame des Ursins and then of Elizabeth Farnese, had given to the Italian refugees. The Duke of Miranda was descended from the brother of the phoenix Pico, and was lawful lord of the principality of which the Austrians had robbed him. If the emperor of Germany had robbed him of his inheritance the king of Spain deprived him of a wife, for he had been the intended husband of Elizabeth Farnese until Alberoni's description of the nice Lombard girl, fattened on butter and Parmesan cheese, tempted the not too delicate fancy of the uxorious widower. His pious and ill-fated duchess was perhaps the queen's most intimate friend. Prince Pio was half Lombard and half Portuguese. It was a hard fate that swept into a "sort of sewer" the body of the polished, valorous, and vainglorious noble, with his lofty ambitions and his high opinion of himself. He must have been much missed in the coming winter's balls, for he was of shapely figure and he danced divinely. Cellamare, Duke of Giovenazzo, was of a Genoese family, transplanted to Naples and thence to Spain. He had been Alberoni's most capable ally even against his own uncle, the Cardinal del Giudice. In him, as Spanish minister at Paris, had centred the celebrated plot against the Regent d'Orleans. In this affair his carelessness had sacrificed his friends, but his scathing satire avenged them at Du Bois's expense. He was stepfather to his host, and his escape was curious, for he was now old and had been old before his age. The Duke of Liria had married a Spanish wife and had become a great grandee, but he was a Fitzjames, the son of Marshal Berwick, and was the centre of the frequent Jacobite intrigues in Spain. He was saved to write a most interesting description of the Russian court, which has within the last year been published. He found other Spanish evening parties with their light refreshments and heavy conversation intolerably dull, and not long after the above court retired from Spain forever. The Carraffa brothers belonged to a noble Neapolitan house, of which the most distinguished members had been the fiery old Paul IV., who cursed the Spaniards over his full, dark, Neapolitan wine, and his ruffianly Nipoti, who met their end upon the scaffold.

It will have been noticed that the Englishman's sober letter makes no mention of St. Simon's striking contrast between

the burning palace on the hill and the drowning lady in the lowlands. But Colonel Stanhope's secretary Holzendorf wrote on September 13th, that on the previous Saturday morning the Monteleone palace was burnt down in less than two hours, most part of the furniture being saved, but some people stifled. It seems tolerably certain that this is the fire to which St. Simon refers, but it happened in the morning and not at ten of the clock at night, and it preceded the flood by several days. If the fires are identical it is a characteristic if extreme example of St. Simon's method. His pictures are vivid because in fact they are largely composed. He concentrates in a sentence or a scene incidents distinct in time and place. It is this which gives the artistic quality to his work, and it is owing to this faculty that he has been credited with his marvellous gift "*de voir et de faire voir.*" In the present case the extent of composition is hardly to be justified, for time is not a trivial detail, but is, to modify a legal phrase, of the essence of the contrast. A more justifiable example may be drawn from a scene described at different periods by himself. His "*Memoirs*" in their final form are a highly finished work, and this is peculiarly the case with the section which describes his Spanish embassy. But of recent years has been published the original rough draft written when the events were fresh, and not only this but the short, bright letters which he wrote from week to week. In his "*Memoirs*" will be found the tale of his invitation to a royal hunt. The king and queen were placed under cover in one arbor, while St. Simon was with the Prince of Asturias and his suite in another. The game of every shape and size were driven past the sportsmen, and St. Simon in the excitement of the moment fired and killed a fox. His exploit was greeted with a peel of laughter, and the duke who lived on etiquette was overcome with shame, not indeed, as Englishmen might think, because he had shot a fox, but because he had fired before the king. Writing to the Duke of Orleans he says: "Two miracles have happened, one to kiss the hand of the Cardinal Borgia, and the other to kill a fox at the king's hunt. I had to come to Spain to perform two such prodigies." Not a word here of the breach of etiquette. But the draft memoir is more explicit. "The king at the queen's request sent me a gun, and I killed a fox, though I had not shot for a year. The other time that they gave me a gun I paid dearly for my triumph

by my stupidity in firing first, which I only noticed a long time after, when my apologies provided material for conversation and pleasantries." This is a case where composition is entirely without blame. The tale was really if not actually true. It mattered not a tittle whether St. Simon's shots were two or one. St. Simon was essentially an artist, and artists will not be tied to the apron-string of truth. Has not one of our greatest landscape painters been watched when painting Oxford with his back to her river and her towers? And has not the imagination of yet another engineered a railway viaduct on trestles across the hay-fields of the upper Thames? But we also are travelling too far afield from the tragical tale of the Duchess of Mirandola's "at home."

E. ARMSTRONG.

The foregoing narrative makes no attempt to account for the cause of the melancholy catastrophe; but, from certain statements in it, I cannot doubt that it may be explained by the fall of a water-spout, or *sac d'eau*, on the heights behind the palace where the party had assembled. A heavy thunderstorm, even in this country, is frequently accompanied by a like outburst of water from the clouds. Not many years ago, within my knowledge, a similar torrent of mud and water descended from the hill behind the house of Brasted Park, near Sevenoaks in Kent. The house stands opposite to a gap in the hills behind, and is surrounded by a deep sunk area. In a moment, without warning, this was suddenly filled, as well as the lower story, with liquid mud, which set the furniture afloat, filled the linen-presses, and would have drowned the butler, who slept on the ground-floor, had he not been awake and on foot at the early hour in the morning when the visitation occurred.

J. M.

From Public Opinion.

MAHOMEDANS AT THE DOCKS.

TUESDAY last marked the close of the Mahomedan *Muharran* observances, which have been kept by the Indian and African sailors on board the Peninsular and Oriental, and British India Steamship Companies with due honors. The *Muharran* is a kind of Moslem Lententide, and is kept as a fast, lasting from seven to ten days, in memory of Hasan and Husain, who enjoy the distinction of being consid-

ered the first martyrs in the faith of Mahomed. In Bombay and all Bengal, as well as in other parts of India, in Persia, and parts of Africa, it is rigorously kept, but certain tribes, especially among the Arabs, pay little or no heed to it. However, when carried out with the full ceremonies belonging to it, it is a most impressive rite, and includes the representations of the animal on which the prophet was taken up to Heaven, the bier of the slain brothers, and a mosque. A priest accompanies it, reciting how the brothers met their fate, and, as he tells it, his devout hearers express their sorrow with much noisy lamentation and distress. Some details were now perhaps wanting in the scene at the docks, which was nevertheless a very remarkable one, and one which, were it known how strange and Oriental it is, would certainly have drawn many hundreds of visitors to the Royal Albert Docks.

From very early morning all the crews had been making final preparations, for though they have been holding small processions and dances during the last seven or eight days, this marked the climax, and was the first in which all took part with any organization. The P. and O. ships *Rosetta* and *Bengal* furnished a large contingent, who met close to the Albert Docks Central Basin Station, and started to go towards the Victoria Docks. They had with them a marvellous representation of an elephant, with a huge minaretted howdah upon its back, while its long blue and yellow striped trunk was deftly managed by a big Bengalee, who occasionally wrigled himself out of it to breathe freely. Prominent among its followers was a "padre," or magistrate, clad in a sack, and furiously brandishing a formidable cane; a large paper boat, through which a slender lad, whose lithe movements were amazing, had put his body; and a huntsman with braid to his knees, and carrying bows and arrows, but who seemed never once to look to the right or to the left. Besides these were some three or four hundred men clad in every conceivable blending of gay colors, and carrying drums, tom-toms, and other rude instruments, including an especially fiendish one made of empty condensed milk cans, with a few marbles inside each. Thus they walked and danced, a strange and unfamiliar sight so near to London, with bright blue sky and sunshine overhead, till a smart shower sent them for refuge under an open shed belonging to the company, where "the padre," "the hunts-

man," and a "fisher girl," whose face was colored a saffron yellow, and who had a garland of flowers round *his* scanty green and *vieux rose* draperies, danced, until they were joined by another and larger procession from the other side of the docks.

In this procession, which fell into place just outside the New Seamen's Hospital, at the Victoria Dock gates, were a camel constructed of sacking, with a head of tinsel papers, a representation of a mosque, built of the gaudiest papers imaginable, and two Bengalees, who had made themselves the most hideous "tiger devils" conceivable. They had rubbed their lissom limbs with saffron, and painted upon them black rings and stars. They wore but the scantiest of clothing, and on their heads were large olive and yellow coverings. These were held in chains by attendants, and behind them came Lascars, Cabulese, and natives of Mozambique, Seedy Boys, as they are called at the docks, some wearing false beards, and all more or less brilliantly habited. The procession now numbered nearly eleven hundred, and it was most curious to watch them dancing along the flinty road, stopping occasionally to watch some graceful *pas seul* danced by an enthusiast, or a fight with "the demons," who moved about upon their stomachs with stealthiest grace, or bounded more than their own height into the air. They stopped outside the offices of the two companies, there giving some exhibitions with light bar-bells, which they wielded with great dexterity, as well as with flexible bars of iron. Meantime, there was an incessant and maddening din of voices and instruments.

It was after five o'clock before the long and now somewhat damped and wearied procession reached the Galleons pier-head to perform what is called, in Anglo-Indian phrase, the "Hobson Jobson," or drowning the bier, which has been symbolic of their mourning. There a boat was in waiting, and amid appalling noise and lamentation, shrieks of "Allah," and the cries of enthusiasts who beat and danced themselves into something like frenzy, the paper elephant and mosque were weighted with stones, and carried out into mid-stream to be sunk. They were carefully pushed under with the oars, for it would be fatal to any one to steal a fragment from them. The devotees then all took their way to their respective ships, where the companies had provided them with welcome festal additions to their ordinary fare.

